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PUSEYITE AND POPISH
CONFESSION AND NUNNERIES.

BY

REV. WILLIAM HOGAN,

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

POPULAR EDITION WITH APPENDIX.

“Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies !
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies ;
And he that WILL be cheated to the last,
Delusions, strong as hell, shall bind him fast.”—*Cowper*.

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INTRODUCTION.

"THREE-SCORE YEARS AND TEN," and those often full of care and anxiety seem to constitute the space of human life. So it is said in that venerable volume, which never has been, and never can be equalled, in beauty of truth, wisdom and instruction. This, it would seem, ought to check all the vain and inordinate aspirations of poor, weak man; yet it has not, and probably never will do so. To a reflecting mind, nothing can appear stronger than this. Notwithstanding this solemn truth, such is the presumption of man that he has often dared,—and does so at this moment,—to set himself up as the viceroy or viceregent of the King of Heaven, and fancies himself sent upon this earth for the purpose of rectifying or correcting any mistakes or defects which might have escaped the vigilance of the great I AM, in the organization and fitness of things. This is truly a serious and melancholy reflection.

The population of this world of ours is supposed to amount to 812,553,712. Of this vast number, 137,000,000 are Roman Catholics, who now on the 19th of July, 1845, bend the knee, and bow down in homage, to a weak, helpless, and worthless being, the Pope of Rome; and thus, if history does not deceive us, proving themselves conspirators against the happiness of the human race.

To ameliorate the condition of this almost countless multitude of our fellow-creatures, is among the first *duties* of every good man. No one is exempted from it; not the king nor the peasant; not the sage nor the philosopher; not the priest nor the layman; for there are as many modes of discharging this duty as there are grades in the social system.

As a member of the human family, and being once an instructor myself, I feel that I have too long neglected this common duty. Many suns and many shades, too, have passed over me, without doing much in the great work of promoting the happiness of my fellow-beings; and if I can make any atonement for this omission, by devoting the necessarily short period of the remnant of my life for the benefit of others, I shall retire to my eternal home with feelings of happiness which I have not enjoyed for years.

With a clear and full view of my duty, I have recently written a work entitled "*A Synopsis of Popery as it was, and as it is.*" It has been well received; it awakened Americans to a proper sense of their duty. Until then they saw not, they felt not, they dreamed not, of the dangers which threatened their religion and their civil rights, from the stealthy movements of the Church of Rome, and her priests and bishops in this country. Americans have now a steady and watchful eye upon them. This was necessary, and so far I have done my duty. The Popish presses, which until then, had lulled Americans into fatal repose by their misrepresentations, have been, in a

measure, silenced. No one, before me, dared to encounter their scurrilous abuse. I resolved to silence them ; and I have done so. The very mention of my name is a terror to them now ; though, until the appearance of my book, there was not a Popish press in the United States which did not weekly, almost daily, abuse me in a most scurrilous manner ; and in my apprehension, a stronger evidence cannot be given of the iniquity of Popish priests and bishops who edit those Presses, than this very fact.

Protestant writers in the United States have long been kept in check by the bullying and vapouring of Popish priests, when some resolution and a little tact might at all times have silenced them. I found no difficulty in muzzling the whole body ; and the mode of doing it was suggested to me by a little incident in my own life. Will the reader allow me to relate it ?

As soon as I was admitted to the practice of Law, I went into partnership with a Mr. Gray, a young gentleman of promising talents and gentlemanly manners. Our office was in one of the upper districts of South Carolina, separated only by a narrow river, from the State of Georgia, where I have resided ever since. There was at the back of our office, a swamp, containing—if we may judge from the noise they made—myriads of frogs, ugly and filthy as the slime from which they sprung. As soon as the sun of heaven retired to its home in the west, and darkness covered the face of the earth and the waters, these frogs set up a most hideous chorus—just as Papists had done for more than twenty years, against myself. The noise became a perfect nuisance to me. I felt at a loss how to silence these filthy frogs. I purchased and borrowed every work I could get upon *frogs*, to see if any remedy had been discovered to abate this nuisance ; but all to no purpose. On they went night after night ; nothing could be heard but *croak, croak, croak*. Finally, I became impatient, when necessity, which is properly called “the mother of invention,” suggested to me the following remedy, which, I believe, might have been tried before. I procured a well-lighted lantern, concealed it under a thick overcoat, went down to the pond, sat patiently on its bank until the frogs commenced their evening chorus. But just as they were upon their highest notes, I uncovered my lantern, and threw its full blaze of light over the whole surface of the pond. Instantly, as if by magic,

“ Every frog was at rest, and I heard not a sound.”

It occurred to me that a similar experiment might with equal advantage be made upon Popish priests and confessors. I knew no other living animal or creeping thing so closely resembling these frogs in repulsiveness, as a Romish priest or bishop who hears confessions. I resolved to throw light upon them, and show them to each other and to the world, in their native deformity. I published my book on Popery ; I threw the light of my experience, as a Popish priest, upon the whole body. The result has been entirely satisfactory. Never since then, has a Popish priest, Popish bishop, or Popish press, published a single sentence against me. How truly it is said in holy writ, “ Resist the devil and he will flee from you.” I have resisted Popish priests ; they have fled from me ; and if the reader will do me the honour of perusing the following pages, he will see that I am still pursuing them in full chase ; nor do I feel disposed to abandon my pursuit until they renounce allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and become true, peaceable, moral, and well-behaved citizens of the United States.

WILLIAM HOGAN.

PUSEYITE AND POPISH
CONFESSION AND NUNNERIES.

When a writer acknowledges, in advance, that he cannot relate the whole truth, his position is far from being enviable. It augurs badly for what he writes, and so far places him in a disadvantageous light before the public. This is, however, precisely the condition in which I now find myself. Such is the nature of the subject on which I feel it my duty to write, that I shrink with native abhorrence from relating at least the whole truth. It is repugnant to my feelings, to my taste, and at variance with the general tone of my conversation, ever since the God of purity enabled me to disentangle myself from the society of Romish priests and bishops—men whose private lives and conversation with each other and with their *penitents* in the confessional, breathe nothing but the grossest licentiousness and foetid impurities.

I do not wantonly and without provocation make any exposé of the iniquities of Popery. My entire life, since I left them, is evidence of this ; but they have pursued me with such persevering malignity and demoniac malice, that further silence would be criminal and disrespectful to my Protestant fellow-citizens, from whom, notwithstanding the malice of Papists towards me, I have always experienced kind attentions and hospitality. Nor should I, even now, allow the subject of Popery to occupy my mind, or taint the current of my thoughts, if I did not see it striding with fearful rapidity over the fair face of this my adopted country, infusing itself into every political nerve and artery of our Government, while its members are asleep and dreaming of its future glories.

It is not pleasant for me to contend with Papists, who look

upon it as a matter of duty, and as a fundamental article of their faith, to persecute myself and all other heretics. That they should dislike me, is not a matter of surprise; that men whose confessions I have heard, and who have heard mine, should even dread me, is not to be wondered at. Many of these men deserve—I speak of bishops and priests exclusively—not only public censure, but the gibbet, the dungeon, and the gallows. I cannot blame men, under these circumstances, for detesting my very name. They are in my power—they tremble in my presence—and were I to blame them for some degree of opposition and dislike to me, I should be quarrelling with that instinct which teaches the profligate and debauchee to shun the society of a virtuous and upright man. While I live among Papists, they are naturally afraid that I should lift the veil which conceals from the eyes of Americans the deformities of Popery. They are in momentary fear that I should show to their *American converts*, which Bishop Fenwick of Boston says he “is daily making from the first families,” the *Old Lady* of Rome in her *dishabille*. They have long hidden from them her shrivelled, diseased, distorted, and disgusting proportions, and they are unwilling that this painted harlot should be now seen by Americans. This is good policy and hence much of their opposition to me. A curse seems to have rested upon Rome since its very foundation. Pagan as well as modern Rome seemed always to delight in deeds of darkness.

We are told in history of a singular practice illustrative of this in ancient Rome. I mention it merely to show the apparent natural fondness of Romanists, ancient as well as modern, for deeds of darkness. It is trifling in itself, and may be deemed, perhaps, irrelevant; but it may be interesting to the historian, whose curiosity extends further than that of theologians or moralists.

The ancient Romans were epicures. Some say they were greater gluttons than those of the present day. Poultry of all kinds was a favourite dish with them, and how to fatten fowl most expeditiously became a question of vital importance with the *philosophers* of the *Eternal City*. After several experiments it was found that the best plan was to close up the eyes of geese, turkeys, ducks, and all other kinds of poultry, and, in that condition, *cram* and *stuff* them with food. This succeeded admirably. The fowls fattened in less than half the time.

It seems that man was always, as well as now, a progressive animal, and accordingly, as soon as Popery fixed its head quarters at Rome or at Antioch, no matter which for the present, Popish bishops commenced a similar experiment upon man. Anxious for his conversion to the *infallible* church, they determined to close his eyes and compel him to receive from themselves, as so many turkeys and geese would from their feeders, such food as they pleased to give him. Men were not to question its quality, but, like so many blinded geese, swallow all that was given them. The practice continues to the present day in the Romish Church; even *American converts* to Romanism are not to question the quality of the food or spiritual instruction which Popish priests please to give them. *Blind obedience* is a necessary article of spiritual diet for a convert to Popery; and whether his priest tells him that he must worship God, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and St. Paul, or the wafer which he carries in his pocket, and calls the *body* and *blood* of Christ, he must obey without murmur or inquiry.

This unreasonable, unscriptural, and impious doctrine, is inculcated especially in the confessional. No man, not even a Papist, dare preach in public such a dogma as blind obedience in anything, or to any man. I have always been instructed, while a Catholic priest, never to intimate in public that the Romish Church ever required unconditional submission to her will, unless I was morally certain that all my hearers were by birth and education Roman Catholics; but my orders were positive, and under pain of losing my sacerdotal *faculties*, never to lose an opportunity of inculcating this in the confessional. There, and there alone, do Romish priests teach and fasten upon the minds of their *penitents* all the iniquities which the Church of Rome sanctions.

If I can satisfy Americans that *Auricular Confession* is dangerous to their liberties; if I can show them that it is the source and fountain of many, if not all, those treasons, debaucheries, and other evils, which are now flooding this country, I shall feel that I have done an acceptable work, and *some service to the State*. I feel, however, that I shall fail in this; not because what I say is not true, and even admitted to be so, but because Americans seem determined on—I would almost say fated to—political and moral destruction.

For twenty years I have warned them of approaching danger, but their politicians were deaf, and their Protestant theologians remained religiously coiled up in fancied security, overrating

their own powers and undervaluing those of Papists. Even though they see, and feel, and often blush at the logical triumph which Popish controversialists have gained, and are gaining over them in every intellectual combat in which they engage, yet such is their love of ease, or love of money, or something else, that they cannot be roused until the enemy falls upon them with annihilating force. It is painful to me to see this indifference on their part. They are better able than I am to contend with Papists. They possess more talents, and have more friends than I have to sustain them. This is the land of their birth ; it is not mine, but not the less dear to me. The religion of this country is the religion of their forefathers, and of the Bible ; it is peculiarly their duty to defend both.

Nothing could induce me to undertake the present work but the universal approbation which my recent book on Popery has received from the political and religious journals of the country. I should leave it to be done by Protestant theologians. The notices which my book on Popery received were flattering. They gave me credit for talents, candour, and frankness. But I am in reality entitled to no credit for that book. The utterance of the truths contained in it was a spontaneous emotion. It was, if I may use such language, but the breaking loose of some moral iceberg, which for years lay heavily on my soul. It was a sort of inspiration fanned into a blaze, by an irresistible consciousness that I had too long neglected a duty which I owed to my God and my adopted country. But I now feel relieved and willing to enlist in the cause of moral and civil rights.

The following pages, I apprehend, will appear to some of a rather random and fugitive character. It will be said that much of the matter is irrelevant—that I fly too rapidly from one subject to another. To such men I will say, that they know very little of Romish intellectual tactics. A well trained reverend Romish soldier cares little about the polish of his armour, or whether he aims his blows according to the system of this or that commander. He steps into the battle arena in his lightest armour, and with his sharpest weapon. A Protestant theologian meets him, with a face as solemn as if he was accompanying to the grave all that was dear to him, wearing his heaviest coat of mail, and armed with claymores and battle-axes. While the latter is wasting his strength upon “the desert air,” and aiming his harmless blows at every spot but the right one, the Papist goads him to death ; and seldom fails to obtain

the crown of victory from the spectators. Many Protestants who are in the habit of contending with Papists in this manner, will disapprove of this book; but I trust that in differing from them in my mode of warfare with Papists, they will on reflection see, that, although they may be right, I am not wrong. I shall, therefore, beg leave to pursue my own course. I will give my ideas to the public just as they strike me, fresh from my own mind, with no regard whatever, to style, ornament, or criticism; and I am vain enough to wish that all controversialists, and even all Protestant and Popish writers should pursue a similar course. We should then have more truth in controversy; more soul and more sterling morality in religion. All that is artistical and pedantic would be exploded, and truth, fresh and warm from the heart, would be substituted in their place.

As I have stated, every crime which the Romish church sanctions, and almost all the immoralities of its members, either originate in *Auricular Confession*, or have some connection with it. In order to explain this to my readers, it will be necessary for me to go back and state the causes which first induced me to doubt the *infallibility* of the Romish church.

I have been often asked the following question:—Why did you leave the Roman Catholic Church? Before I answer this question, I may well exclaim, in the language of the ancient poet, omitting only one word, “*Oh! nefandum, jubes, renovare dolorem.*” But however painful the relation may be—however offensive to the ears of the virtuous and chaste—however disgusting to the pious and moral portion of our community—however at variance with the elegancies and formalities of private life—however heavily such a narrative may fall upon Romish priests and bishops, and however disreputable it may be to *Nuns* and Nunneries, I will answer the above question so often and so frankly put to me by many, even of my personal friends.

Several causes contributed to induce me to doubt the infallibility of the Popish Church, and to renounce its ministry altogether. Among the first was the following:—

When quite young, and but just emerging from childhood, I became acquainted with a Protestant family, living in the neighbourhood of my birth-place. It consisted of a mother, a widow lady, and three interesting children, two sons and one daughter. The mother was a widow, a lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments. The husband, who had but recently died,

one of the many victims of what is falsely called *honor*, left her as he found her, in the possession of a large fortune, and, as far as worldly goods could make her so, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But his premature death threw a gloom over her future life, which neither riches nor wealth, nor all worldly comforts combined together, could effectually dissipate. Her only pleasure seemed to be placed in that of her children. They appeared—and I believe they really were—the centre and circumference of her earthly happiness.

In the course of time the sons grew up, and their guardian purchased for both, in compliance with their wishes, and to gratify their youthful ambition, commissions in the army. The parting of these children—the breaking up of this fond trio of brothers and sister, was to the widowed mother another source of grief, and tended to concentrate more closely, if possible, all the fond affections of the mother upon the daughter. She became the joy of her heart. Her education while a child was an object of great solicitude, and having a fortune at her command, no expense was spared to render it suitable for that station in life, in which her high connections entitled her to move when she should become of age. The whole family were members of the Protestant Church, as the Episcopal Church is called in that country. As soon as the sons left home to join their respective regiments, which were then on the Continent, the mother and daughter were much alone, so much so, that the fond mother soon discovered, that her too great affection for her child, and the indulgence given to her were rather impeding than otherwise her education. She accordingly determined to remove her governess, who up to this period was her sole instructress, under the watchful eye of the fond and accomplished mother herself, and sent her to a *fashionable school for young ladies*. There was then in the neighbourhood, only about twenty miles from this family, a *Nunnery* of the order of Jesuits. To this nunnery was attached a school superintended by nuns of that order. The school was one of the most fashionable in the country. The nuns who presided over it, were said to be the most accomplished teachers in Europe. The expenses of an education in it were extravagantly high, but not beyond the reach of wealth and fashion. The mother, though a Protestant, and strict and conscientious in the discharge of all the duties of her church, and not without a struggle in parting with her child and consigning her to the charge of Jesuits, yielding in this case to the malign influence of *fashion*, as

many a fond mother does even in this our own land of equal rights and far-famed though mock equality—sent her beautiful daughter, her earthly idol, to the school of these nuns. Let the result speak for itself.

Up to the departure of the sons for the army, and this daughter for the nunnery, I had been ever from my infancy acquainted with this family, and had for them the highest respect and warmest attachment. The elder brother was about my own age, and there were only a few years between the eldest and the youngest child.

Soon after the daughter was sent to school I entered the College of Maynooth as a theological student, and in due time was ordained a Roman Catholic Priest, by particular *dispensation*, being two years under the canonical age. An interval of some years passed before I had an opportunity of meeting my young friend again. Our interview was under peculiar circumstances. I was ordained a Romish priest, and located where she happened to be on a visit. There was a large party given, at which among many others, I happened to be present; and there meeting with my friend and interchanging the usual courtesies upon such occasions, she—sportively as I then imagined—asked me whether I would preach her *reception sermon*, as she intended becoming a *nun* and taking the *white veil*. Not even dreaming of such an event, I replied in the affirmative.

I heard no more of the affair for about two months, when I received a note from her, designating the chapel, the day, and the hour she expected me to preach. I was then but a short time in the ministry, but sufficiently long to know that up to the hour of my commencing to read Popish theology, especially that of *Dens*, and *Antoine de Peccatus*, I knew nothing of the iniquities taught and practised by Romish priests and bishops.

On the receipt of my friend's note a cold chill crept over me. I anticipated, I feared, I trembled, I felt there must be foul play somewhere. However, I went, according to promise, preached her reception sermon at the request of the young lady, and with the special approbation of the *Bishop*, whom I had to consult on such occasions.

The concourse of people that assembled on this occasion was very great. The interest created by the apparent voluntary retirement from the world of one so young, so wealthy, and so beautiful, was intense, and accordingly the chapel in which I preached was filled to overflowing with the nobility and

fashionables of that section of the country. Many and large were the tears which were shed when this beautiful young lady cut off her rich and flowing tresses of hair. Reader, have you ever seen the description which Eugene Sue, in his *Wandering Jew*, gives of the lustrous, luxurious and rich head of hair worn by Adrienne de Cardoville, and shorn from her head by Jesuits, under the pretence that she was insane? If you have not, take the "*Wandering Jew*," turn over its pages till you find it, and you will see a more accurate description of that shorn from the head of the young lady to whom I allude, than I can possibly give.

Turn back to the picture given by this same Eugene Sue, of the personal beauty, piety, charity, and many virtues of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and you will have a correct portrait of this young lady of whom I speak. You may therefore easily judge from her immolation upon the altar of fanaticism, or, more properly speaking, her personal sacrifice to the idol of Popish and Jesuit lust, the nature of that feeling which such an event must have produced in the mind of every Christian believer.

Having no clerical connection with the convent in which she was immured, I did not see her for three months following. At the expiration of that time, one of the *lay sisters* of the convent delivered to me a note. I knew it contained something startling.

These *lay sisters* among Jesuits, are spies belonging to that order, but are sometimes bribed by the nuns for certain purposes. As soon as I reached my apartments, I found that my young friend expressed a wish to see me *on something important*. I, of course, lost no time in calling on her, and being a priest, I was immediately admitted; but never have I forgotten, nor can I forget, the melancholy picture of lost beauty and fallen humanity, which met my astonished gaze in the person of my once beautiful and virtuous friend. I had been then about eighteen months a Romish priest, and was not without some knowledge of their profligate lives; and therefore I was the better prepared for, and could more easily anticipate, what was to come. After such preliminary conversation as may be expected upon occasions of this kind, the young lady spoke to me to the following effect, if not literally so. I say *literally*, because so deep, and strong, and lasting was the impression made upon my mind, that I believe I have not forgotten one letter of her words.

“I sent for you, my friend to see you once more before my death. I have insulted my God, and disgraced my family; I am in the *family way*, and I must die.” After a good deal of conversation, which it is needless to repeat, I discovered from her confession the parent of this pregnancy, and that the *mother abbess* of the convent advised her to take medicine which would effect abortion; but that she knew from the lay sister who delivered me the note, and who was a confidential servant in the convent, that the medicine which the mother abbess would give her should contain poison, and that the procuring abortion was a mere pretext. I gave her such advice as I could in the capacity of a Romish priest. I advised her to send for the bishop and consult him. “I cannot do it,” said she, “my destroyer is my confessor.” I was silent. I had no more to say. I was bound by oath to be true to him. The sentiment of the noble Pagan, a sentiment sanctioned by inspiration, “*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*”—Let justice be done even if the heavens were to fall—occurred to my mind in vain. It fled from me as smoke before the wind. I was one of the priests of the *infallible church*, and what was honor, what was honesty to me, where the honor of that *infallible church* was concerned? They were of no account; not worthy the consideration of a *Romish Priest* for a second. I retired, leaving my friend to her fate; but promising, at her request, to return in a fortnight.

According to promise, I did return in a fortnight, but the foul deed was done. She was no more. The cold clay contained in its dread embrace all that now remained of that being which but a few months before, lived and moved in all the beauty and symmetry of proportion; and that soul, once pure and spotless as the dew-drop of heaven, ere its contact with the impurities of earth, which a fond mother confided to the care of Jesuit nuns, had been driven in its guilt and pollution into the presence of a just but merciful God. All, all the work of Jesuits and Nuns!

This was the first check my Popish enthusiasm met with; and now for the first time did a doubt of the infallibility of the Church of Rome enter my mind. After witnessing these events, I could not help asking myself—Can a church which sanctions and countenances such flagitious iniquities as I have just witnessed, be a Christian Church? Can a body of men, who individually practise such deeds of blood, treachery and

crime as those which I have seen, be, collectively, *infallible*? Are these the men whom the Saviour commissioned, in a particular manner, to preach the Gospel to every creature? Are these the men, as a body, with whom He promised to be always, even to the consummation of the world? Are these the men who collectively constitute an infallible church? If so, unprofitable indeed has been my life. It is high time to come out from among them: and if I cannot live the life of luxury and ease, of sin and crime, which a Romish priest can live, let me, at least, live that of an honorable man, and a useful member of society.

These were some of my reflections: and accordingly, that evening, I called on the Right Reverend Protestant Bishop of———, with a view of making a public recantation of my belief in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. But as chance would have it, he was out of town that week, and when next I made an effort I found that effort in vain. I had not properly weighed the chains that bound me to Popery. I knew not their length, nor their strength. They were stronger than adamant, than steel. They were chains wrought for me, in some measure, by beings that I loved. They were thrown around me and fastened to me by hands that I revered, I could not break them; they were too strong for me. The force which alone could do this was the grace of God. This I had not. Until then I went about without faith in the world. I soon fell back, in a measure, into my former belief, but not without a resolution to examine more fully the nature of Popery itself, and the practices of its priests. It is well said, "A drowning man will catch at straws." It occurred to me that, perhaps, all the crimes and iniquities committed by popes, priests, and bishops, and sanctioned by the Church of Rome, might be confined only to the old countries, where "use makes law," and that by leaving the old and coming into the new world, where the people make their own laws, and the human mind had its full swing, and thought is only bounded by its own interminable extent, I might find a different state of things. I fancied at any rate, that man might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without interference, let or hindrance, save the inherent power and sovereignty of the people. I little supposed that a *pure* and *enlightened* people, such as the Americans boast themselves, would sanction such institutions as those in which the young friend of whom I have spoken lost her virtue, her honor, and her life. But alas! how sadly have I been disappointed.

Europe is not the only portion of the world that contains *legalized Sodoms*. Its people are not the only people that support them. Its lawgivers are not the only men, nor its law-makers the only ones, that make laws for them and give them charters. Its people are not the only people who contribute their time, their lands, their moneys, and who take almost from the necessities of life, to support monk-houses and nunneries, Jesuits and Dominicans. No, no. The *new world*, the new people, if I may say so, who boast of being the most *enlightened people* on the face of the earth,—these are the people who in proportion to their number contribute most to the support of Popish brothels, modestly called *nunneries*.

But it will be said that the young lady to whom I have alluded, has given no evidence of her being virtuous. As far as you tell us she has made no resistance, and it is scarcely possible that one whom you have placed upon so high a prominence of virtue, could so suddenly have fallen into the depths of vice. This is all very plausible, and naturally to be expected from those who know nothing of *auricular confession*,—a popish institution, one of the most ingenious devices ever invented by the great enemy of man, for the destruction of the human soul.

I am personally acquainted with several respectable Protestant Americans, both male and female, whose ideas of confession in the Romish Church have often amused me, though not unaccompanied with feelings of grief and sorrow, at their unacquaintance with this, what may be called *man-trap*, or rather *woman-trap*, in the Romish Church.

American Protestants suppose that Popish confession means little more than that public confession of sin, which is made in all Protestant churches, or that which we individually make to the Almighty God in our private chambers. Such may well enquire how this apparently sudden fall could have taken place. These inquiries will cease when I have stated that the young lady became a convert to Popery, and when I have given my readers some idea of what *auricular confession* is, and how it is made. Every Roman Catholic believes that priests have power to forgive sins, by virtue of which power any crime, however heinous, may be remitted. But in order to effect this, the sinner must confess to a priest each and every sin, whether of thought, word, or deed, with all the circumstances leading to it, or following from it; and every priest who hears confessions, is allowed to put such questions as he pleases to

his *penitent*, whether male or female, and he or she is bound to answer under pain of *eternal damnation*.

It is very difficult, I admit, to suppose that the daughter of a virtuous mother, and that mother a Protestant too, brought up in the elegancies of life, from her birth, breathing in no other atmosphere than that of the purest domestic morality, should be precipitated, in the short space of a year or two, from a state of unsullied virtue and innocence, to the veriest depth of crime; and it is a melancholy reflection to suppose a state of society, in which, by any combination of human events, the fond mother of a virtuous child could be made the instrument of that child's ruin. Such an event is scarcely possible in the eyes of Protestant Americans, and I feel a pride in believing from my acquaintance with many of them, that if American mothers were aware of the existence of a society among them, whose object was to demoralize their children, shut out from them the noonday light of the Gospel, and ultimately decoy them into the lecherous embraces of Romish priests and Jesuits, they would, to a woman, rise in their appropriate strength, and deliver our land from those legalized Sodoms called nunneries.

I will here take the liberty of showing them how the young friend to whom I have alluded, was debauched. The nunnery to which she was sent, as I have before stated, had attached to it a *fashionable school*; all nunneries have such. The nuns who instruct in those schools in Europe, are generally advanced in years, descendants from the first families, and highly accomplished. Most, if not all of them, at an early period of life, met with some disappointment or other. One perhaps was the daughter of some decayed noble family, reduced by political revolutions to comparative poverty, and now having nothing but the pride of birth, retired to a convent. She could not work and she would not beg. Another, perhaps, was disappointed in love; the companion of her own choice was refused to her by some unfeeling aristocratic parent. No alternative was left but to unite her young person with the remains of some broken down debauchee of the nobility. She preferred going into a convent with such means as she had in her own right. Another, perhaps, like my young friend,—and this is the case with most of them,—was seduced by some profligate priest while at school, degraded in her own eyes, unfitted even in her own mind to become the companion of an honorable man; seeing no alternative but death or

dishonor, she goes into a convent. These ladies, when properly disciplined by Jesuits and priests, become the best teachers. But before they are allowed to teach, there is no art, no craft, no species of cunning, no refinement in private personal indulgences, or no modes or means of seduction, in which they are not thoroughly initiated; and I may say with safety, and from my own personal knowledge through the confessional, that there is scarcely one of them who has not *been herself debauched by her confessor*. The reader will understand that every nun has a confessor; and here I may as well add, for the truth must be told at once, that every confessor has a concubine, and there are very few of them who have not several!! Let any American mother imagine her young daughter among these semi-reverend crones, called nuns, and she will have no difficulty in seeing the possibility of her immediate ruin.

When your daughter comes among those women, they pretend to be the happiest set of beings upon earth. They would not exchange their situation for any other this side of heaven. They will pray. So will the devils, for ought I know. Their language, their acts, their gestures, their whole conduct, while in the presence of the scholars or their visitors, is irreproachable.

The mother abbess, or superior of the convent, who invariably is the deepest in sin of the whole, and who from her age and long practice, is almost constitutionally a hypocrite, appears in public the most *meek*, the most bland, the most courteous, and the most humble Christian.

She is peculiarly attentive to those who have any money in their own right; she tells them they are beautiful, fascinating, that they look like angels, that this world is not a fit residence for them, that they are too good for it, that they ought to become nuns, in order to fit them for a higher and better station in heaven. Nothing more is necessary than to become a Roman Catholic and go to confession. Such is the apparent happiness, cheerfulness, and unalloyed beatitudes of the nuns, that strangers are pleased with them. They invariably make a favourable impression on the minds of their visitors. The inference is that they must be truly pious and really virtuous.

I had recently the honor of a conversation with a lady who is herself one of the most accomplished and elegant women in the country, and who a few weeks previously had paid a visit

to the Roman Catholic nunnery at———D. C. She spoke of the institution in the highest terms of commendation ; was struck with the seeming content and cheerfulness of the lady managers, could scarcely see why it was not a good place for the education of young ladies ; but I will venture the assertion, that had this interesting lady known, as I do, the heartlessness with which crime was committed within its walls, she would fly from it as from a den of thieves or a city of plague. A peculiar coldness, a heartlessness not to be found elsewhere, nor under other circumstances, exists in Jesuit convents, to which order that of———, belongs. Nothing like it can be traced out in the records of the world's doings. And had I the talent to faithfully describe the working of these Convents—could I fix them in a position so as to stand out solitary and alone in their naked deformity, before heaven and before men—instead of meriting the commendation of the accomplished mothers and daughters of our land, they would soon be left without support, and crumble to dust amid the brutalities which their silent walls alone have witnessed, and which they would proclaim to the world, had not the inanimate materials of which they are composed forbidden it.

When crimes are committed in open day, there is some palliation for them ; but when committed in the dark, and in recesses ostensibly dedicated to virtue, they are marked with an atrocity which God, or man, or woman cannot witness without shudders of horror. Such are those committed in Jesuit nunneries, and by those very Jesuit nuns who appear so happy, and so chaste, not only in the nunnery in———, but in every nunnery throughout the world. This, it will be said, and has often been said, even by Christian mothers and Christian daughters, cannot be. They suppose that a sinner can never be happy, or even appear so. How little these people know of human nature ! How perfectly unacquainted they are with the power of discipline, or force of education ! Yet it would seem as if they should know better than to conclude hastily, that because nuns are cheerful and happy in appearance, they must be also chaste and virtuous. Many of our Americans ladies have been in the East ; some of them have been in Constantinople. I believe that one or two have visited there the harem of the Sultan of Turkey, and where they may have seen numbers of ladies, accomplished in their own way, covered with crime and sin, yet cheerful and apparently happy. But show me the Christian lady, who will

not weep at the bare mention of the fact, that will not sigh for the conversion of the Turk and Mahomedan, who will not mourn the fate of her sisters—for sisters they are of the same family—thus degraded and still content,—all the result of circumstances, education, and want of pure religion.

But these *sympathizers* with Turks, Mahomedans and Pagans have not a tear to spare for their sisters of the United States. Not a sigh escapes them for their relief. Not a dollar can they give to remove from our land that accursed thing, Popery—the primary and sole cause of these evils. On the contrary, if Jesuits want to build a *nunnery*, the husband has no peace from his wife, the father from the daughter, the mother from the sister, the lover from his betrothed, until they make up money to build a nunnery for the *poor nuns*. Well, indeed, may I apply to such individuals the language of the Jesuit, Rodin, in the *Wandering Jew*:—“*Fools, dolts, double dolts.*” But Rodin was wrong. He was entirely premature in the use of these expressions; and I am not at all pleased with his depriving me of the opportunity of being first to apply those sweet sounding terms to American Protestants,—a people who have done, and are still doing, more to merit them, than any other of the present age.

I find, though I have not the merit of intending it, that I am strictly performing my promise to my readers, viz., that I will go entirely upon my own hook, pay no attention to order, style, or what critics may say, but give them my ideas at random, of things and facts, just as I saw them, and precisely as they struck me at the time. This, I must confess, is rather a *Tristram-Shandyish* mode of writing, particularly to Americans who are a most precise, systematic and business people; but it is a free country, and, as the poet said, “*Cur ego invidior si pauca querere possim,*” &c.

But to return to the causes which induced me to leave the Romish Church.

The young lady of whom I have spoken in a previous page, was sent to school, as I have stated, to a Popish nunnery. She was a Protestant when she entered: so are many young ladies in this country when they enter similar schools. The nuns immediately set about her *conversion*. The process by which such things are done is sometimes slow, but always sure. It is often tedious, but never fails; though the knowledge European Protestants have of such institutions, renders the process of conversion more tedious than in this land of freedom and Popish

humbuggery. The work of her conversion proceeded with the usual success, until she finally joined the Romish Church. The next step, in such cases, is to choose a *confessor*. This is done for the young convert by the mother abbess of the nuns : and now commences the ruin of the soul and the body of the hitherto guileless, guiltless scholar, and convert from Protestant *heresy*. She goes to confession ; and recollect, American reader, that what I here state is “*Mutata fabula de te ipso narratur.*” Every word of what I am about to state is applicable to you. This confession is, literally speaking, nothing but a systematic preparation for her ruin. It is said, that there is among the creeping things of this earth, a certain noxious and destructive animal, called Anaconda. It is recorded of this animal, foul, filthy, and ugly as he is, that when he is hungry, and seizes upon an object which he desires to destroy and subsequently devour, he takes it with him to his den, or place of retreat. There at his ease, unseen and alone with his prey, he is said to cover it over with slime, and then and there swallow it. I now declare most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions, and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest, or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of *auricular confession*.*

Let me give American Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest puts to those females, who go to confession to him, and they will bear in

* “A Romish priest is a victim of social and moral contradictions :—born of woman, yet not a son ; a most complaisant wooer yet insensible to love ; having children but not a father ; a proprietor of houses, but without a home ; the most degraded of subjects, and the most exalted of potentates ; pure as an angel, yet more corrupt than a Sodomite ; the usurper of the throne of God, and the slave of the most debasing sensuality ; at once the most austere devotee to the gods of his own creation, and the most arrogant blasphemer of God his Maker—a deity-creating god-devouring assassin. He is a moral Skunk, whose offensive properties and destructive habits make the creature at once an object of dread, loathsomeness, and aversion. He is an embodiment of brute and demon combined in one character—the Cobra that defiles and destroys. He is an unscrupulous *mesmerist*, exposing the nakedness and perverting the faculties of those who put themselves under his influence. He is a most venomous nondescript and agent of Satan, for transforming men and women into useless or malignant beings.”—*Doctrines of Christianity and Dogmas of Romanism*. Price 4d., 3, Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

mind that there is no poetry in what I say, it contains no undulations of a roving fancy ; there is nothing dreamy, nothing imaginative about it ; it is only a part of a drama in which I have acted myself. I may truly say of all that occurs in Popish confession,—“ *Quorum magna pars fui.*”

The following is as fair a sketch as I can, with due regard to *decency*, give of the questions which a Romish priest puts to a young female who goes to confession to him. It is, however, but a very brief synopsis. But first let the reader figure to himself, or herself, a young lady, between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly closed, pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years old—for here it is worthy of remark, that these young priests are extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them, and unless my readers are more dull of comprehension than I am willing to believe, they will have some idea of the *beauties of Popery*.

Confessor. What sins have you committed ?

Penitent. I don't know of any, sir.

Con. Are you sure you did nothing wrong ? Examine yourself well.

Pen. Yes ; I do recollect that I did wrong. I made faces at school at Lucy A.

Con. Nothing else ?

Pen. Yes ; I told mother that I hated Lucy A., and that she was an ugly thing.

Con. (Scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl perfectly innocent,) Have you had any immodest thoughts ?

Pen. What is that, sir ?

Con. Have you not been thinking about men ?

Pen. Why, yes, sir.

Con. Are you fond of any of them ?

Pen. Why, yes ; I like cousin A. or B. greatly.

Con. Are you passionately fond of him ?

Pen. Yes.

Con. How long did these thoughts about men continue ?

Pen. Not very long.

Con. Has your mind been uneasy with such thoughts ?

Pen. Oh, no.

In this train does this reptile confessor proceed, till his now half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow again. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw, which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession, until this wretch has worked up her passion to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot, as I before stated, detail the whole process by which a Romish confessor debauches his victims in the confessional, but if curiosity, or any other motive creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars about it, I refer them to Antoine's Moral Theology, which I have read in the college of Maynooth, or to Dens treatise, "*De peccatis*," which I have read in the same college, and in the same class with some of the *Romish Priests now in this country*, hearing confessions perhaps at the moment I write, and debauching their penitents, aye, even in New England, the land of the Pilgrim Fathers! In those books I have mentioned they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and bishops of the Romish church to all women, young and old, married and single* and if any married man, or father, or brother, will after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife, his daughter, or his sister, ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the Heathen and the Turk. Christian he should not be called, who permits these deeds in our midst. I beg here to lay before my readers, an extract from a work, recently published in Paris, entitled "*Auricular Confession and Direction*." The work is written by M. Michelet, one of the most distinguished writers in France. It has been noticed in the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and in that admirably conducted press, the *Boston Courier*.

The following is given as the mysterious opening of the book:—

"The family is in question:

'That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied—do we find repose there?

'We must not dissimulate—we must frankly confess to

* The Rev. W. J. Burke, who was a Maynooth priest and a Vicar-general in the Church of Rome, says: "The language of Dens, Antoine, and Liguori, is pure morality, compared with the *oral* teaching of the Maynooth Professors, who give their lessons with the spirit of libertines."

ourselves the real state of things—There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

‘We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

‘Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on the one side of the table, you on the other, alone.

‘It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say!

The invisible enemy here spoken of is the priest. The reviewer proceeds—

‘The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman’s soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but he is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle; and even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman’s virtue has been preserved by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director’s hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.”

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Lewis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest’s position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier’s works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

“What a life, what a condition is that of our priests! Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live

familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her, before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know, he asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he, indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears, whispered in his ear by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five and twenty!

"To confess a woman! imagine what it is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where the priest awaits in the evening after vespers, his young penitent whom he loves and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there, His character of priest, his education his vow. I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *curé* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise; and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious wife, if it were not for the Pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes!

"Now I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps, and can say, 'It is she;' what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint: unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees before him, whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, sir, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you

think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

"Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tete-a-tete*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry because the Pope is opposed to it."

* * * * *

"The priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an equivoque. The mystic language of love is also the mystic language of religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivoque the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler d'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, 'God hears you through me; through me he will reply.' This man whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him, whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction; this man whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!"

M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what I have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. I shall only borrow from this work, the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente.

"Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817), that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *beguines*, and had seduced nearly all of them, by persuading them that they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had from God received a singular favor: 'Our Lord,' he said,

'has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me, Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one, (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke.*) She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' " Out of seventeen *beguines*, of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time; one of them however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation but that she had profited by it.

'I remember,' said Llorente, 'having said to him: 'But father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue, should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?' He coolly replied, 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.' "

The same author, in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that, "In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing."

I should not have laid the above extract before the public, were I not well aware that such is the extraordinary infatuation of Americans on the subject of Popery and confession, that they may suspect my statements of exaggeration. This alone could induce me to give more than my own assertion for the truth of my statements, as no writer upon Popery knows more, or can relate more of *Auricular Confession* and *Direction* than I can myself, of my own knowledge, and from my own personal experience. I shall not, however, ask American Protestants to take my naked word for anything which I may say on Popery. I shall substantiate all I assert by proofs from history.

The title of Christian land should not be given to this country nor to any country, which legalizes institutions where deeds of

darkness are sanctioned, and the foul debauchers of our youth, of our wives, and our sisters, find a shelter.

Shall the cowl shelter the adulterous monk in this land of freedom? Are the sons of freemen required to countenance, nay, asked to build impassible walls around a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign monks and priests, who choose to come among us, and erect little *fortifications*, which they call nunneries, for their protection? Shall they own by law and by charter, places where to bury, hidden from the public eye, the victims of their lust, and the murdered offspring of their concupiscence? Beware Americans! There are bounds, beyond which sinners cannot go. Bear in mind the fact that the same God who can limit the sphere of an individual's crimes, can also limit those of a nation. You have flourished, take heed lest you begin to decay before you come to full maturity; and I regret to say that symptoms of this is now apparent. Already can I see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the fair face of America. Already can I see a demon bird of ill omen plunging its poisoned beak into the vitals of your national existence, stopping here and stopping there, only to dip his wings in the life streams of your national existence, with the sole view of giving its spread more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth, centre and circumference of your country.

Infidelity is now fast careering and sporting over the whole face of our land, and if history has not deceived us, and our own personal experience has not been vain, it never moves, it never travels, it never exists unaccompanied by political as well as moral death. Look at ancient Rome, how it fell in its pride! Look at France—how often it has tottered and stumbled in its beauty! Look at England at the present moment—see how she trembles even in her strength. Think you that all these things were brought about by causes to which the world would attribute them? What signifies the Texas question in the sight of God? What the Oregon difficulties? What the trade with China? What the *Repeal brawlings*? Such things would have happened if our “mother's cat had but kittened, and we ourselves had ne'er been born.”

The decay of nations, the fall of thrones, are brought about by infidelity, by national insults to the God of nations, by the sins of the people against the King of glory; and how can this country, deeply steeped as it is, and darkly stained as it is, with the crime of aiding Popery, Idolatry, *auricular confession*; how

can it expect, I repeat the words, that the moral breezes of heaven should breathe upon her, and restore to her again that strong and healthy constitution, which her ancestors have left to her sons? No, no, it cannot be. You must, as the lawyers would say, stand *rectus in curia*, before your God. Withdraw your countenance and your support from Popery. Touch not the unclean thing. Then, and not until then, can you raise clean hands and pure hearts to the throne of God, and ask for a blessing upon the United States and its territories.

But it may be replied, All you say of Popery in the *old* countries may be true, but it is a different thing altogether in the United States. This is a great error on the part of Americans, and I feel it my duty to correct it if possible. I am not surprised that Americans should entertain ideas of this kind. I was once partly of that opinion myself; and as I stated in a former page, I determined to visit this new and free country, in the hope—alas! it was a vain one—of finding true religion, and purity of life, even in the Roman Catholic Church. I remember well having consulted a friend on the propriety of such a course; he strongly dissuaded me from it, assuring me that I would find Popery here essentially the same as it was in Europe, with this difference only, that the crimes and private lives of priests and bishops were more grossly immoral, and, though indirectly, more effectually sanctioned by the laws of the land. This, however; did not satisfy me, and accordingly, having received from my then ecclesiastical superior, what in church parlance is called an *Exeat*, (the document is in my possession, if any one wishes to see it), or, as American theologians would term it, “a regular dismissal” from the church where I officiated, I arrived in New York, in Nov., 18—. But the reader may well judge of my disappointment, when I found, on my arrival there, not altogether such Romish priests and bishops as I had left behind me,—for many of them were gentlemen by birth, and paid some regard to public decency, even in their profligacies—but a set of coarse, vulgar, half-educated, I may say half-civilized, Irish and French brutes, most of whom might be seen daily lolling in grog-shops, and electioneering among the lowest dregs of society. I have met but one exception to this, and that was the Rev. Wm. Taylor, who was then in New York.

Having stated to Taylor my object in coming over, I shall never forget the sad sorrowful smile which but dimly lit up his naturally kind and cheerful countenance. “My friend,”

said he, "all your hopes in coming to this country will be disappointed. You must not stay in this city. Go into the country. Go to Albany; you may there see less of those scenes from which you have fled: and as I perceive your introductions from Europe to De Witt Clinton, are numerous and of the best kind, you will find much pleasure in the society of that excellent gentleman, and make up your mind either to leave this country, or to retire from the Romish Church altogether. The latter I will do myself, but not without an effort to correct the abuses of Popery." This effort he has made, as I have stated in my *Synopsis of Popery, as it was and as it is*: but he lacked moral as well as physical courage to carry it through.

I lost no time in retiring to Albany. The legislature of the State of New York was then commencing its annual session, and though an entire stranger, so high were my testimonials, both from the Romish bishops as a priest, and from private individuals, as a man of honor and correct deportment, that I was unanimously elected chaplain to the legislature, without any application on my part for such an appointment. I will not allude to the flattering attentions which were paid to me by the people of Albany, during my residence among them, which was only about six months. The public presses in that city, while I was there, bear witness to the fact. Even the Roman Catholics, some of whom were native Americans, left nothing undone to render me happy. My salary was more than I desired, and more than I wanted of them, so far as money was concerned. Why, then, it will be said, did you leave them? This, too, is a sad tale. But, as some of them are now living, justice, even to them, demands that I should state the cause which forced me to leave them.

The Roman Catholics of Albany had, during about two years previous to my arrival among them, three Irish priests alternately with them, occasionally preaching, but always hearing confessions. I know the names of these men: one of them is dead, the other two living, and now in full communion in the Romish Church, still saying mass and hearing confessions. As soon as I got settled in Albany, I had of course to attend to the duty of *auricular confession*, and in less than two months found that those three priests, during the time they were there, were the fathers of between sixty and one hundred children, besides having debauched many who had left the place previous to their confinement. Many of these children were

by married women, who were among the most zealous supporters of these vagabond priests, and whose brothers and relatives were ready to wade, if necessary, knee deep in blood for the holy, *immaculate, infallible Church of Rome*. There is a circumstance connected with this, that renders the conduct of these priests almost frightfully atrocious. There are in many of the Roman Catholic churches, things as Michelet properly terms them, like sentry boxes, called confessionals. These are generally situated in the body of the church and priests hear confessions in them, though the priest and lady penitent are only separated by a sliding board, which can be moved in any direction the confessor pleases, leaving him and the penitent ear to ear, eye to eye, and lip to lip, if he pleases. There were none of these in the Romish church of Albany, and those priests had to hear confessions in the *sacristy* of the church. This is a small room back of the altar, in which the Eucharist containing, according to the Romish belief, the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, is kept while mass is not celebrating in the chapel. This room is always fastened by a lock and key of the best workmanship, and the key kept by the priest day and night. This sacristy containing the wafer, which the priests blasphemously adore, was used by them as a place to hear confessions, and here they committed habitually those acts of immorality and crime of which I have spoken.

These details must be unpleasant to the reader; but not more so than they are to me. I see not, however, any other mode in which I can give Americans anything like a correct idea of that state of society which must be expected in this country, should the period ever arrive when Popery and Popish priests shall be in the ascendant. There are portions of Europe and South America, where parents well know that the children who take their name, whom they are obliged to support, are only their *legalized*, but not their *legitimate* offspring; but so entirely brutalized are their feelings and notions of morality by the predominance of Popery among them, that these things are considered matters of little moment. I saw an instance of this, very recently, at a place called Hallappa, in Mexico. I met there, a gentleman, a man of wealth, of some distinction, and one who had travelled a good deal. Knowing that I intended leaving the place next day, he said he would introduce me to two Dominican friars, who were going to Vera Cruz, and were to travel in the same stage with me. In the

course of conversation I observed to him, the reputation of Dominican friars and Jesuits for morality, was not good in some parts of Europe which I had visited, and I wished very much to know how it stood in Mexico. He frankly replied, in very good Latin,—a language more familiar to me than the Spanish, or perhaps any other,—“They are not, considered as a body, very moral men in Mexico, but these reverend gentlemen to whom I will introduce you, bear a high character for morality. They do not trouble their neighbours’ wives and daughters; they have for years kept their *female friends*, and provided for their children.” “Are they married, sir?” said I; though I, of course, knew the reverse from the fact of their being priests. “Oh no, sir,” replied my Mexican acquaintance; “our *holy church* does not allow that, but they are *chaste* men.” “What do you mean by chastity?” said I. “Living an *unmarried life*,” answered he promptly. In the course of that evening, I met with a respectable American citizen, a native of New Jersey; I asked whether he knew these priests, naming them. He told me he did; that one of them kept *three sisters*, the eldest not over twenty-five years old and that *he had children by each of them*, but was still reputed a good priest, and was, as far as he could discover, one of the best of them. The next day I obtained an introduction to these worthies, and travelled with them to Vera Cruz. They were dressed in their appropriate garb of sanctity, the crown of their heads being shaved close, and bearing marks of sanctimoniousness. It is well known that in the city of Mexico, and throughout the sham republic, Romish priests live habitually and publicly with the mother and daughter at the same time.

These are the men, and their code of moral law is that which Americans are fostering and encouraging, by contributing their money to the building of convents and Romish chapels throughout the United States.

Previous to my leaving Albany, many overtures were made to me by Roman Catholics to continue among them; but I peremptorily declined. The reader may well imagine the awkwardness of my position, and state of my feeling on this occasion. I could give the people no reason for my leaving them: my lips were sealed, my hands were bound, my voice was silent. I saw many worthy families on the brink of ruin, and I could not put forth a hand to save them. I saw their children almost in the jaws of the lion, but I dared not warn

them of their danger. I saw their foes in the garb of friends and moral guides, leading them into the recesses of guilt and crime, and I dared not utter a warning cry. I knew all in the *confessional*, and of course I was silent. The only resource left me was to leave these scenes, where the occurrences which I have stated had taken place; and I accordingly decided to make another trial of Popery by proceeding on to Philadelphia, a city which, at that time, was pre-eminently distinguished for the virtues and morality of its people. I expected that in a community so remarkably distinguished for the observance of all law, human and divine, as the city of Penn was, that even Popish priests, and Jesuits might, at least observe the externals of correct deportment; and, full of better hopes and brighter prospects, I hastened among them, and was received with a cordiality and hospitality truly flattering. Fortunately for this people, they had no bishop, for some time previous to my arrival. The diocese was under the superintendence of a Vicar-general, a Jesuit, I think from Switzerland, named De Barth. This reverend gentleman had been settled in the interior of the State; and having there a *housekeeper and some nieces*, to whom he was *attached*, he visited the city of Philadelphia but seldom. Owing to this circumstance, and to the fact that three or four friars and one Irish curate, who were in the city, had their own way in everything, the Popish congregation was comparatively quiet. American Protestants knew nothing of their private lives, knew nothing of the plans and schemes which they were laying to entrap their children, and by suppressing the reading of the Bible, disseminate amongst them the seed of moral death. Here, at least, I expected to find Popery as I fancied it before I was ordained a priest. Notwithstanding what I had witnessed immediately after my ordination in Europe, and though the death-knell which announced the departure to the grave of a young and virtuous friend had scarcely ceased to reverberate in my ears; though the knowledge that a human soul was launched into eternity, by Jesuit lust and poison, and that within the walls of a nunnery, was yet fresh in my mind; though all that occurred in Albany, under my eye, and witnessed by the testimony of my own senses, the one-twentieth of which I have not even alluded to; I still expected that I might find Popery what my early education, represented to me, or at least that I might contribute to render it so in this free country, by casting to the winds the legends and silly

traditions of the Romish holy fathers, and substituting in their place the word of God.

I little thought there lived a Romish priest or bishop, who, in a land of free thought and noble deed, such as this was then, would dare prohibit the circulation of the Word of God. I little dreamed that the first opposition I should meet in my effort to circulate the Bible should be in Philadelphia. Who could even fancy that Papists were so devoid of prudence, or so utterly reckless of consequences, as to proclaim, in the city of Penn, We will have no Bible? Though I knew well that Popery boasts of being always the same, that it never changes, I also knew that the *infallible church* always yielded to *expediency*; and I thought, as a matter of course, that Americans were too courageous, and too virtuous a people, to permit Papists to proceed so far, at that early period of American history, as to close up the fountain and the source even of their political existence as a nation, and consequently that I should meet with no opposition from Papists in any effort which might bear upon the face of it any evidence of my intention to advance the cause of morals. But I was mistaken. Americans were not then free. They are not free now. They had, it is true, shaken off the yoke of foreign dominion; but even then they were tamely harnessing themselves in stronger chains to a heavier yoke; even then they were passively submitting to the dictation of Rome, and to the insolent bravado of Irish priests and bishops. I repeat it, they were not free then. They made their country free, as we are told by history; but it was not for themselves they made it free. It was done for foreigners; it was done for Papists, for Jesuits, for Dominicans, and their courtezans, Popish nuns. The day is not far distant,—I may not live to see it, nor do I desire to witness it,—when some historian may well apply to Americans that sentence in Virgil, which that beautiful pastoral poet applied to the yoked oxen: “*Sic vos non vobis jugum feratis boves.*” Well, indeed, may this be applied to Americans; they have borne the yoke, they have toiled with it upon their necks in cultivating their fair fields of freedom, but like the poet’s oxen the crop is not theirs. It belongs to foreign Papists and their *lord*, the Pope, king of Rome. Nor should I be the least surprised, if, in less than thirty years, that thing called the *Host*, made of *flour* and water, and converted, by the mumbling of a few Latin words by a priest, into the glory of God, should be conveyed through that

city, under a canopy of satin supported by Popish priests and guarded by a file of Popish dragoons, preceded by a trumpeter, announcing its approach, in order that the populace may uncover their heads and fall upon their knees, to adore this god of Popish manufacture. Base idolatry! And history will say of Protestant Americans,—Base people! to tolerate such profanations among you!

But, on reflection, why blame Americans? They know little or nothing of Popery, except from history, and in some histories the picture given had two sides to it; one was fair and seductive, the other was stern and true. The former was exhibited with industry and care; it was sought for and gazed at with pleasure. The latter had comparatively but few worldly attractions, had no admirers but the votaries of truth, and, alas! they were but few. Under these circumstances, how were Americans to be blamed? Knowing them well, I cannot become their accuser; but I can without any disrespect towards them, pity them, and mourn over the delusion under which they labour, even though that delusion should be in part well earned.

How, for instance, could it be expected that American Protestants should believe what is related of the capuchin friar by Michelet, whom I have quoted in one of the preceding pages? Can an American Protestant suppose it possible that a Romish priest could *persuade all the nuns* in a convent that he had a revelation from God, commissioning *him* especially, to tell those nuns individually, that it was their duty to have a criminal connection with himself, under pain of eternal damnation? Such a thing would only excite the risible faculties of an American Protestant: even the male portion of Roman Catholics will not believe such a thing possible. There was a period when I would not believe it myself: and when the idea of a Popish priest seducing a nun, or administering poison to get possession of a man's wife, or his daughter, or his property, was impossible, though history informed me of such things being done in the Romish church; and, had I not become a Roman Catholic priest and been myself a confessor, I should until this day turn a deaf ear to the relation of such facts. I should look upon Popish priests and bishops, who were charged with them, as persecuted men, and probably extend to them that sympathy and support which Protestant Americans are now doing throughout the country.

Were any one to come to me before I was a Romish priest

and confessor, and tell me that the Protestant young lady, to whom I have so often alluded, should go to a school kept by Popish nuns—that they would convert her from the religion of her birth, make her a Papist, cause her to go to confession—that the confessor would seduce her, and that the superior mother abbess would cause her death in trying to procure abortion—I would not have believed him. I should have looked upon him as some fanatic, or some evil-disposed person, actuated by malice against Romish priests and nunneries; but after becoming a priest myself, and a confessor, I not only believed such a thing possible, but witnessed it. And though I could weep I could not prevent it, such was the nature of my sacerdotal oath of secrecy; such were my obligations to support the Pope and the honor of his *infallible church*.*

Poisoning is a practice of ancient date in the Romish church; and I tell you, Americans, it is still in full force, and you will taste of its fruits before you are aware of it.† Let me give you a well-authenticated instance of this. It is related in the fifth volume of Sanuto, an eminent Popish writer. Pope Alexander the Sixth *graciously* condescended to inform one of his cardinals, Adrian de Corneto, that he intended to visit him at his vineyard, and that he, the Pope, would bring his supper with him. The cardinal being himself a priest and a confessor, suspected that the *holy Pope* intended to poison him with a view of possessing his fortunes and a lovely *sister* of his. The cardinal's fortune was great, and the lady in question was beautiful. He well knew his fate unless something could be done to avert it, and he knew of but one way of doing that. He sent for the Pope's carver, and prevailed upon him to accept and keep, "for his sake," ten thousand ducats, with large sums beside, which he had not then in cash, but which he would have in a short time. "You know," said the cardinal to the carver, "that the Pope has *compassed* my death by poison at your hand, wherefore I beseech you, have pity on me, and spare my life." The carver yielded to compassion, promised to save him, and explained the mode in which the *holy Pope*, the vice-regent of the Lord of Heaven, and, as some Catholics will have it, not only the infallible, but even the impeccable head of the church, intended to put him to death.

* See Letter to Her Majesty the Queen. Price 4d.

† See The Jesuit; or a Woman's Fall. By a Priest's Sister.

The carver was instructed by the Pope, "to have two boxes of lozenge confectionery prepared, and to present one to himself and the other to the cardinal. That to the cardinal was to contain poison." His *holiness*, the Pope, according to engagement, came to sup with the cardinal at his vineyard; but matters being arranged between the carver and the latter, the poison which the Pope intended for the cardinal was given to himself: he was taken sick and died. This occurrence, which took place centuries ago, though it may appear incredible to many readers of this book, is as well authenticated by history, and is as demonstrable therefrom, as it will be in some future generation that such a city as Boston, where this book is written, had ever an existence. But it will be said that such things might have existed in ancient times; that popes might have poisoned cardinals; that cardinals might have poisoned popes, and that popes might have poisoned each other; that priests might have seduced their *penitents* and then caused them to be poisoned to save the honor of the *holy church*; but that no such thing has ever occurred in the United States. Fatal delusion this; and thrice fatal will its consequences be to you, American Protestants, as well as American Catholics, if you do not give ear to my statements, and full credit to my word and warning, when I tell you that such an event has taken place in the city of Philadelphia, to my personal knowledge; and that the reverend wretch, who seduced, and subsequently caused to be poisoned, an innocent and virtuous orphan daughter of a worthy American citizen, was a few months ago, and is now, for aught I know, officiating as a Romish priest and confessor in the city of Dublin, Ireland.*

No wonder, I repeat it, that American Protestants should not believe these things. No wonder that Americans who have joined the Popish Church, should not believe them. No wonder that some high-minded young men in the United States, who have been decoyed by the sophistry, apparent sanctity and *liberality* of Romish priests, from the faith of their Protestant forefathers, should disbelieve those things, and feel indignant against all who advance such accusations. But let them pause. Let them not be too precipitate in judging of the motives of others. Some of these young men, like myself, in the days of youth, may take it into their heads to become

* In 1824, the Romish Church had her *Professional Poisoners* in Ireland, I was well acquainted with a reformed Priest in England who had heard, in Italy, the *dying* confessions of several such *consecrated assassins*.—ED.

Romish priests, and, I understand that even now, there are several of them in Rome preparing to do so. Let them proceed. They will soon find, as I did, that such facts as I here relate, horrible and revolting as they seem, are matters of daily occurrence in the Church of Rome.

During every vicissitude in the history of the Popish church; during every fluctuation, and every rise and fall of successive popes; during all the metamorphoses and changes that took place in their lives, and successive pretensions to power, their iniquitous practices were never abandoned. Let us raise the veil which hides the past from our eyes; we shall find, if we do not permit ourselves to be misled by faithless historians, that the only thing in which they never differed was the sanctioning of the crimes of plunder and rapacity for the aggrandizement of the power of Rome, and that murder, rape, and even incest, lost their atrocity when committed by priests and bishops of the *infallible church*, who are her sworn and devoted supporters.

The power of the popes has often been shaken, yet they have stood every shock. Their system of policy is such, that they have kept and are keeping the nations of the earth engaged in some civil or ecclesiastical broils among each other, and thus divert their attention from the stealthy march of Papal power among them; and while nations are thus engaged, they are enveloping the people in ignorance and darkness, so as to blind them to their own atrocities and crimes.

This country is now a fair field for Popish manœuvring. Rome has seen this for the last twenty years and has made her preparations accordingly. While this new country was busy in forming her alliances abroad, regulating her commerce, and making her treaties with foreign powers; while she was dividing her states, settling her domestic territorial disputes, regulating their laws, and defining their boundaries, Rome was awake,—her spies were amongst you. They walked carefully round the citadel of your freedom; they saw that it was not sufficiently manned, that it was accessible from many points, and accordingly they poured into it platoon after platoon, regiment after regiment, of the Pope's troops, until they had sufficient force to take possession whenever they might deem it necessary; and they now tell Americans that the Pope is their legitimate sovereign, and that Americans are but the "cowardly sons of cowardly pirates." They even go further; they perpetrate the grossest outrages upon every

law, moral and civil, in utter defiance of American jurisprudence. They keep their nunneries, or rather seraglios, in the very midst of them, surround them with ramparts, and not only deny to their civil magistrates the rights of entrance, but defy them to do so.* This every American citizen knows to be a fact; at least it is known in the city of Boston, where I now write. No one was admitted within the walls of the Ursuline convent, which an indignant populace reduced to ashes, without special permission from the mother abbess—allowing the *nuns* within to assume the appearance of decency and propriety before they showed themselves. Time was given to them and to the priests to assume their usual sanctimonious appearance, however flagrant their conduct might have been; but even then all the cells were never seen at the same time—many were reserved for hidden and criminal purposes. When some of those nuns were apparently cheerful and happy, leaving on the visitor's mind an impression that nothing but happiness reigned throughout the whole nunnery, there were probably some of them, unseen and unheard by strangers, writhing in the agonies of childbirth. This is no fancy sketch. Read Llorente's history of the Inquisition, and you will find that the picture I give is far short of the reality.

The Pope was not fully aware of what he did, when he granted power to the Inquisition to summon and examine witnesses as to the irregularities of the priests. He supposed that their licentiousness did not extend beyond women of ill fame; but in this his *holiness* was mistaken, as he subsequently discovered. All who knew of such irregularities, were obliged to obey the summons of the inquisition. Disobedience was heresy—it was death. The number who made their appearance to lodge information against the priests and confessors, in the single city of Seville, in Spain, was so great, that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days. The inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess, and having done so, they re-assembled, and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose; but the depositions continued to increase so fast, that they saw no use in continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn and quash the inquiry. The city of Seville was found to be one vast area of pollution. But Americans will still say, This occurred in the fifteenth century; no such thing can take place now.

* This is equally true of England. See Letters to Electors, by Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, page 12.

The whole social system is different now from what it was then. I tell you again, Americans, that you are mistaken in your inference. Priests, nuns, and confessors, are the same now that they were then, all over the world. Many of you have visited Paris, and do you not there see, at the present day, a *lying-in hospital* attached to every nunnery in the city? The same is to be seen in Madrid, and the principal cities of Spain. I have seen them myself in Mexico, and in the city of Dublin, Ireland. And what is the object of those hospitals? It is chiefly to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns, and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional. But it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I say, of my own knowledge and from my own experience through the confessional, that it would be well if there were; there would be fewer abortions, there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered. It is not generally known to Americans, that the crime of procuring abortion—a crime which our laws pronounce to be felony—is a common every-day crime in Popish nunneries. It is not known to Americans—but let it henceforward be known to them—that strangling and putting to death infants, is common in nunneries throughout this country. It is not known that this is done systematically and methodically, according to Popish instructions. The *modus operandi* is this. The *infallible church* teaches that without baptism even infants cannot go to heaven. The holy church, not caring much how the aforesaid infants may come into this world, but anxious that they should go from it according to the ritual of the church, insists that the infant shall be baptized. This being done, and its soul being thus fitted for heaven, the mother abbess gently takes between her holy fingers the nostrils of the infant, and in the name of the infallible church consigns it to the care of the Almighty; and I beg here to state, from my own knowledge through the confessional, that the father is, in nearly all cases, the individual who baptizes it; thus literally verifying what Erasmus has said in sheer irony,—“*Patres vocantur et scepe sunt.*” I desire to assert nothing of a character so frightful and disgusting as this on my own unsupported authority. I could give numberless instances of the truth of my assertions, but let one suffice.

Llorente, in his history of the Inquisition—and the reader will bear in mind, that Llorente is good authority with all

Roman Catholics—relates the following fact: There was among the Carmelite nuns of Lerma, a mother abbess, called Mother Agueda. (All the nunneries in the United States have a mother abbess, like the nuns of Lerma.) Agueda was accounted a saint. People came to her, from all the neighbouring country to be cured of their respective diseases. Her mode of curing all diseases was this: she had in her possession a number of small stones, of which she said she was delivered, in all the pains of childbirth. She was delivered of them periodically for the space of twenty years, according to her own statement and that of her biographer, and by the application of those stones to any diseased person, he was forthwith cured. Rumour, however, got abroad that the *mother abbess* “was no better than she ought to be,” and that, in place of bringing forth stones, she and the other nuns of the convent were bringing forth children for the friars of the Carmelite order, who arranged all her miracles for her, and enabled her for twenty years to impose upon the public as the lady prioress of a nunnery and fashionable boarding-school. Whenever she was *confined* and delivered of a child, the *holy nuns* strangled it and buried it. All the other nuns did likewise, and probably would have continued to do so to this day, through their successors in office, had not a niece of the mother abbess and *saint*, in a moment of anger arising from maltreatment, let fall some observations which excited the suspicion of the public authorities. The burying-ground of the nuns was examined, the spot where the strangled infants were buried was pointed out by the niece of the mother abbess, and the bodies found.

This fact is as well authenticated as that such a place as Lerma has had existence, or that such a wretch as Mother Agueda had ever been born; and I will hazard the assertion, that if the burying-grounds of the nunneries of the United States were dug open, hundreds of the bodies of strangled infants, the offspring of nuns and Popish priests, may be found in them, though it is said they have discovered some chemical process by which the bones, as well as the flesh of infants, are reduced, in a little time, almost to perfect annihilation.

Virtuous ladies, into whose hands this book by chance may fall, will exclaim on reading the above, This cannot be true. I will not believe it. Such a thing is impossible. If even nuns had witnessed such things, however depraved they may be, they would fly from such scenes: or, at all events, no *nun* who has ever been once guilty of such crimes would commit

them a second time. Here again we see how little Americans know of Popery, and of the practices of its priests and nuns.

The fact is, Roman Catholic laymen know almost as little of Popery as Protestants. They are not aware, that, when a female goes to confession, she virtually binds herself to answer every question which her confessor proposes, and that the concealment of any thought or deed which she committed, was a *mortal sin*, sufficient of itself to consign her soul to hell. She believes that the priest sits in the confessional, not as a man but as God. Attend, fellow-citizens, to what I here state to you, and you will easily conceive the possibility, nay, even the probability, nay, even further, the truth of every word I relate to you in relation to the crimes of nuns and priests, within the walls of nunneries.

The woman who goes to confession to a priest, whether a nun or lay-sister, whether married or single, believes, that while in the *sacred tribunal* of the confessional he is divested of his humanity, and acts, not as man but as God. Nothing, then, is easier, if he has the least fancy for the penitent, than to persuade her that he is *divinely* commissioned to —. She does not doubt this, and yields to his wishes. There have been instances—and there are now thousands of them in Europe, and even in this country, where a priest tells every good looking woman who goes to confession to him, that it is her duty to have children by him !* Be not startled, American husbands. I make not these statements to hurt or outrage your feelings. I make them in compassion for you, and to prevent you, if possible, from permitting your wives or your daughters, to go in future to those dens of vice, called *confessionals*.

I can easily fancy one of you saying to your neighbour, who is also a Roman Catholic, and whose wife, as well as yours goes to confession,—“ Well Mr. A., I care not what may be said against *our* priest, or against *auricular confession*. My wife goes regularly to confession, and if she heard or saw anything bad on the part of the priest, *I* should soon know it.” “ I have no doubt of it,” says Mr. B. “ My wife goes also, and so does my daughter, and *I* suppose nobody will pretend to say that a priest could do anything wrong to *them*. *They* know better than to be imposed upon. There is no better woman in the world than *my* wife ; come over and dine with

* The same is true of English Priests. See British Government and Romish Priesthood, pp. 27, 28. Published by the Society.

me. My wife just told me that she asked the priest to dine with us, and you must come." I can not only fancy this, but I have seen such meetings. I have seen husbands unsuspectingly and hospitably entertaining the very priest who seduced their wives in the confessional, and was the parent of some of the children who sat at the same table with them, each of the wives unconscious of the other's guilt, and the husbands of both not even suspecting them. The husband of her who goes to confession has no hold upon her affections. If he claims a right to her confidence, he claims what he can never receive: he claims what she has not to give. She has long since, given it to her confessor, and he can never recover it. She looks to her confessor for advice in everything. She may appear to be fond of her husband; it is even possible that she may be so in reality. She may be gentle, meek, and obedient to her husband—her confessor will advise her to be so; but she will not give him her confidence; she cannot—that is already in the hands of her confessor. He stands an incarnate fiend between man and wife, mother and daughter. All the ties of domestic happiness and reciprocal duties are thus violated with impunity through the instrumentality of *auricular confession*.

Would to God I had never entered that *tribunal* myself! Would to God it was never in my power to relate as facts what I have now put to paper! But no such happiness was for me! It was the will of Providence that I was reserved to witness and relate those deeds of darkness and crime committed under the mask of Popish religion, from which my feelings and disposition shrink with horror. Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Price, Priestly, Paine, Diderot, and others have done evil by their infidel writings. Evils, great and heavy evils, have been the consequence of their introduction into the United States: but ten-fold greater have been the evils which the introduction of Popery and auricular confession amongst us have brought in their train.

The writings of these infidels have in them, it is true, many of the most exceptionable passages, but, as far as we know, their private lives were generally good. Even in their writings there was much that was good. They advocated the cause of civil liberty; they pleaded, and pleaded strongly and eloquently, the cause of human rights, and the liberties of man. These were redeeming qualities. These were noble doctrines, and nobly pleaded. But what has Popery brought amongst us?

What have Popish priests introduced into this country? Idolatry, debauchery, in every shape, and of every hue. Yet Americans will cast into the fire the works of those infidels—they will not allow their children to read them lest they may corrupt their morals, though the authors are cold in their graves. But they will send them to Popish schools—they will allow them to drink lessons of depravity from the eyes of licentious nuns, and hear them from the lips of Popish priests. Strange inconsistency this! Infidels in theory are shunned as plagues, while practical infidels are cherished amongst us. It is well known to Protestants, even in the United States, that it is a common practice of Romish priests to seduce females in the *confessional*, and it is, or should be equally well known, that these very priests hear the confessions of the very females whom they seduce. It is an article of faith in the Roman Catholic Church, that crimes of a priest do not disqualify him from *forgiving the sins of his penitent*, and hence it is that their opportunities of demoralizing every community where they are in the ascendant, almost exceed conception. Persuade a woman that if she sins you can forgive her as thoroughly and effectually as Almighty God can forgive her, and you take away every check from vice. All restraint is removed. The voice of true religion is silenced, and sin prevails.

The iniquity of Romish priests in the confessional can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing else like it; it is a thing by itself: there is a chasm between itself and other crimes, which human depravity cannot pass. Could I state them all, as I have known them, my readers would feel themselves most insulted: an ocean and a sea of wonders, and waters of grief and sadness for fallen humanity, would ebb and flow around them. Just fancy an innocent female on her knees before an artful, unbelieving priest! But why is she there? Why does not instinct warn her off? Why does not conscious innocence tell her to fly from him? How often do we thank God that we are endowed with reason? How often do we sing his praises and glorify his name, because He has “made us a little lower than the angels,” giving us reason for our guide, and thus raising us above all things that are created? Would it not appear as if things were not so; as if the God of heaven were more bountiful to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, than to man? Would it not appear that the poet was mistaken when he said, in the fulness of his heart and depth of his belief in revelation,—

“And to be innocent in nature’s wisdom!
 The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
 Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter:
 And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
 The never-yet-seen adder’s hiss first heard.
 O surer than suspicion’s hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense which, to the pure in heart,
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
 Reveals the approach of evil.”

Would it not seem from this that the gift of reason was no bounty in reality to man, as if instinct was superior to it? Why does not innocence—native, conscious innocence—if, in reality, there is such a thing—teach women to flee from those incarnate demons, Romish confessors? Why will they entrust themselves, alone and unprotected by father or mother, brother or honorable lover, with these scheming artful seducers? Why will mothers, married women, go to confession to these men? or why will husbands be such inconceivable dupes as to permit it? Have husbands any idea of the questions which a confessor puts to their wives? They have not, even the remotest. Let me give them a few of these questions, and I assure them, as I have more than once done before, that I state nothing but what I know of my own knowledge. The following are a few of them:—

1st. Have you ever been guilty of any sin against nature, and how often?

2nd. Have you ever desired to commit such sin, or sought to induce others to do it?

3rd. Have you ever allowed yourself to be immodestly dealt with?

4th. Have you ever taken pleasure in thinking on these subjects?

5th. Have you dwelt upon them for any length of time?

6th. Have you ever endeavoured to excite a sinful passion?

Does any husband really know that when his wife goes to confession—and probably she leans on his arm while she is going there—that the above questions are put her? Assuredly he does not: otherwise we must suppose him a man of base principles, in permitting such a thing. But even should he suspect it, and ask his wife whether they were put to her; should he call upon the priest, and bring him and the wife face to face; should he ask them severally whether such interrogatories were put by the priest to the wife, they will jointly and severally deny it under oath, if required, and in doing this they feel

justified ; or, to speak more correctly and plainly, the priest is laughing in his sleeve, and the wife is his dupe. The reason, however, for the course they pursue is this : The *infallible* church teaches, that when a priest is in the confessional he sits there as *God*, and not as *man* ; and when he denies, under oath, that he put such questions, he means that he did not put the questions as *man*, but as *God* : and when the penitent is asked whether such questions were put to her, she will say on *oath* they were not, because it was God and not man that asked them. I am well aware that this will appear strange to Americans, but it is not the less true. I have asked such questions, and given such reasons over and over again, while acting as a Romish priest. I have asked them till my soul sickened with disgust. Every priest in Boston asks those questions daily : there is not a priest in the United States who does not ask them ; no, not one, from Aroostook to Oregon, nor from Maine to Louisiana. Judge, then, of the moral waste and wilderness which Romish priests are effecting, by hewing and clearing down everything that blooms or bears the fruit of virtue or holiness.

But how can such things exist in a civilized country ? It is all the result of education,—of bad, vicious, and corrupt education. Let us suppose that a married man has a neighbour, whom he believes to be honorable, upright, and correct in all his dealings, so much so, that he never had occasion to doubt his word, and would trust him with thousands, nay, millions, if he had it. Suppose his wife had the reputation of a good and virtuous woman. Suppose she was considered so by the pious members of her own and every other church in this city. Suppose this individual to whom I have alluded, should discover that his wife was in the habit of meeting his neighbour very frequently in some retired nook or corner, and holding long and confidential conversation with him,—think you he would not suspect something wrong ? Suppose he were to ask his wife what they were talking about, and she would say that he was giving her spiritual counsel,—think you that this would be satisfactory to him ? Would he permit those interviews to continue ? Surely not. But why distrust the well-known prudence of his wife, and the honor of a man he has known for years ? Is it wise in him to suspect a worthy man ? It is not only wise but it is proper. It would even be criminal not to do so. The man who would not forbid those interviews, would be considered a low-spirited wretch, unworthy the society of honorable

men. He would sink even in his own estimation. And how comes it, then, that this very man, so sensitive, so distrustful of the virtue of an honorable neighbour, will permit the same wife to hold *private* meetings and *private* conversations, in confessionals and in private rooms, with Romish priests—strangers, some of them, and foreigners—notorious for the profligacies of the orders of Monks and Jesuits to which they belong, and the country to which they belong, and the countries from which they come? This I will frankly confess, is a paradox which my limited powers of ratiocination do not enable me to solve. I will not say that some of those married ladies who go to confession are not virtuous women, but I will unhesitatingly say that many of them have been ruined in the confessional, that they run a fearful risk in going there at all. And it is truly said, “He that loves the danger shall perish therein.”

Let not married men, or married women, who belong to the Roman Catholic church, suppose that I mean to be disrespectful to them in what I have said or what I may say hereafter. The reverse is the fact. To them I have no personal enmity, but I have for them the most sincere compassion. I would rescue them, if I could, from those wolves in sheep's clothing, Romish priests. It is my duty to do so, as their fellow-citizen; and it is peculiarly incumbent on me to do so, as I feel that I am the only man in the United States whose personal knowledge of facts fits him for such a task, and whose peculiar circumstances enable him to do so, without bias or prejudice. I am aware they will raise a fresh hue-and-cry against me; Popish priests and bishops will give tongue and the whole Romish pack, young and old, married and single, widows and maids, will follow in full chorus. They can do no more than they have done. There is scarcely a law of this land which they have not accused me of violating, ever since I presumed to say that the Bible should be circulated among the poor Roman Catholics, and that the holy mother church was not infallible. The accusations against Luther, Zuingli, and Calvin, were not greater or much more numerous than those which Papists have brought against me, month after month, and year after year, ever since I left them. They have indicted me for assault and battery, for disturbing public worship,—by which they meant the crime of worshipping God otherwise than the Pope directed. They have indicted me for rape—keep your countenance, reader—those chaste, moral priests of the Romish Church have

indicted me for rape. Is not that a high idea, Americans?—scarcely anything equal to it to be found in antiquity, except perhaps it may be in the conduct of Claudius, the Roman emperor, who, like the priests of the Romish church, had a very *great abhorrence* of everything that was in the least degree unchaste. Claudius, as the reader must know, succeeded the emperor Caligula; and that notorious wag, though elegant poet and satirist, Juvenal, tells us that he was much in the habit of accusing his subjects of the crime of adultery. “*Claudius accusat macchos*,” says Juvenal; whether he spoke ironically or not, those who know the life of Claudius as well as I do the lives of Romish priests can tell best. But this is not all. They have accused me of robberies, sending and receiving challenges to fight duels, having two wives—I know not but more—at the same time. In all cases true bills of indictment have been found; Papists appeared before the grand juries in all cases, and swore like true sons of the *infallible church*; and as long as they had no one to contradict them, the holy church triumphed. In this country, however, there happens as yet to be no Inquisition, and there are several who doubt not only the infallibility of the Romish church, but even the impeccability of some of her beloved children; and hence it happened that all their indictments evaporated into thin air. These Protestant Americans, “cowards,” as Papists call them, “and *sons of cowards and pirates*” have no faith in the infallible church, and doubted the veracity of her pious children, even upon oath. The consequence was that I am left to write the history of the venerable but guilty mother, the infallible church, and am not without hope that I shall lead her back to the paths of virtue from which in very wantonness of crime, idolatry, brutality and wickedness, she has long since departed.

It would be really amusing to see a correct list of the various accusations which Papists have made against me, with the various names and legal titles which they bore. The infallible church alone could properly classify them. There is euphony in the very sound of them; there is a variety, nothing short of oriental, in them. But to be serious; I never did, nor do I now fear the persecution of Papists, while in the discharge of a duty which I owe to my Maker and Preserver. I could always say, with sincerity and humble gratitude, and I can say so now—

“Let, then, earth, sea and sky
Make war against me! On my heart I show

Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies!
 Yes! but not his—'tis death itself there dies."

But to return to the subject from which I have digressed without even the formality of taking leave of my reader. Married ladies, who are members of the Roman Catholic church, will bear with me a little longer: I cannot consent to leave them without farther warning; and should their husbands and myself ever meet—which probably cannot be, till we meet in heaven—they will thank in place of blaming me, for cautioning them against the seductive wiles and wicked intrigues of Romish confessors. It is probable the wearisome repetitions in my statements may give the reader a distaste to the following of them out, and accompanying me through them. It will, I fear, enfeeble the interest which he might otherwise take in the result. Besides, a higher tone of thought, of literary taste, and intellectual feeling, would undoubtedly be much more pleasant to him. The nature of the subject will not admit of it, and I cannot help, in speaking upon a gross and indelicate subject, doing so in language as unpalatable to my own taste as to that of the reader. Besides, I am not master of any other words in the English vocabulary better calculated to convey to those for whom this book is intended, the full meaning and purport of the statement which I make.

There is taught in the Romish church, and it prevails to an extent, broad and long as the land we live in, a doctrine which I feel it my duty to explain to Americans, whether they are Protestants or converts to the church of Rome. When I say that it prevails over the extent of this country, I believe I should qualify the assertion, as I know not fully and exclusively of my own knowledge, that American converts to the Romish church are aware that such a doctrine exists; but I know that European Catholic women, especially the Irish, are taught it by their priests, and believe it as firmly as they do that their church is infallible. It is a doctrine frightful even to think upon. I know nothing, in ancient or modern times, in heathen, pagan, Mahomedan creeds, of equal turpitude. It is calculated to overturn all laws, human and divine. It aims a fatal and deadly blow at the root of the whole social system. It snaps, it shatters, it tears into shreds every cord that binds community to community, man to man, wife to husband, and child to parent. It is this. Married women,

who have no children, and never had any, are taught by Romish priests that, in case they have no children, *The Church* has the power of giving them fecundity, and thus enabling them to “comply with the great object of their creation,” viz., to “increase and multiply.” The holy church, in her wisdom, or rather in her craft and deep knowledge of human nature, knows full well that married ladies, especially those who have property, are often unhappy because they have no children; and the priests, looking upon this as a fine opportunity not only to indulge in their own passions, but to make money, tell such women in the confessional that they have the power, specially delegated to them from Almighty God, of giving them those children for which they are so anxious. I well recollect an instance of this Romish infatuation—this worse than hellish belief. It proved a source of much trouble to myself in after life, and I believe I may partly trace to it the very origin of my difficulties with the Popish priests in this country.

While officiating as a Roman Catholic priest in —, I became acquainted with a Roman Catholic lady and gentleman, of good character and considerable wealth. The husband stood well in society, and so did the wife, and I believe both deserved it. There was but one barrier, to all appearance, in the way of their happiness. They had no children; and having no blood or family alliances in this country, this seemed a source of distress to the wife, though I could not help remarking they were an extremely fond couple. Not very long after my acquaintance with them, the wife called upon me, told me her grievance in not having children, and asked me how much it would cost her to purchase from the church her interference in the matter, and the blessing of having children. I forgot my usual caution. Indignation took the place of policy; I forgot for a moment, that I was bound to keep the secrets of the Pope and the infallible church, and to defend them both, right or wrong. I replied indignantly, “Madam, you are the dupe of priestcraft. There is no power in the church to countervail the will of God.” The lady retired; and I cannot give the reader a better idea of the infatuation of Papist women, or the consummate villany of Romish priests in the confessional than by relating what followed. She called on me the day following, stated to me that since she saw me she called on the Rev. Mr. —, a Franciscan friar, who lived only a few doors

from me, and having told him what I said to her, he raised his hands in pious astonishment, and told her that he expected nothing better from me; that he suspected me of *heresy* for some time past, and had now a proof of it, and that I should be cast out of the pale of the church, as fit society only for the devils; and accordingly in a few months after, this holy friar and the holy Romish bishop of the diocese, solemnly cursed me, from the head to the toe-nails, casting me into *hell* for such damnable heresies.* I understand that the lady of whom I have spoken, is now blessed with an interesting family of children, and the husband one of the happiest *fathers* in the world. The friar is an exemplary and reverend servant of the *infallible* church, still hearing confessions, while I am a wicked heretic, with no human chance of salvation. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Thus are the streams of domestic happiness and social life polluted in our very midst by Romish priests; and yet they are encouraged, they are fed, they are sustained, they are received into society by the very men whose wives and daughters they have ruined, and with whose happiness they have sported and gambled. I say sported, because I know of my own knowledge that nothing affords the reverend young yahoos of the Romish church, especially those who come from Europe, more pleasure in their private conversation, than speaking of the *gullible Yankee heretics*, who fancy themselves a match for priests in the infallible church. Could Americans witness the carousals of these infidel and idolatrous priests at their expense, it would have a better effect upon them than all I can say or write; but as time alone can effect this, I must content myself with entreating my fellow-citizens to be upon their guard with Romish bishops and priests, or they will one day rue the consequences.

Once more do I find myself far from the path in which I commenced these pages. I intimated to the reader, somewhere in the beginning of this book, that I intended to give my reasons for leaving the Romish church: but it would seem as if I had forgotten it: at any rate, I have as yet but little more than half fulfilled it. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that the few I have given, up to the time of my arrival in Philadelphia, are amply sufficient. Fresh proofs were there given to me, that the Popish church is not infallible, and that

* See the Bishop of Philadelphia's Excommunication of Mr. Hogan, as given at the end of this volume.

I could not, consistently with a correct sense of duty, support her doctrines, or countenance the practices of her priests ; but even there, notwithstanding all I had seen and witnessed, such were the prejudices of education, that I still tried to persuade myself that Popery was religion, though I tried to circulate the scriptures, and believed in the necessity of so doing. During four years that I spent in the college of Maynooth, they formed no portion of the education of the students. It is my firm conviction, that out of the largenumber of students who receive their education there for the ministry, there was not one who read the four Gospels through, nor any portion of them, except such as were found in detached passages, in works of controversy between Catholics and Protestants.* Until I went to College I scarcely ever heard of a Bible. I know not of one in any parish in Munster, except it may be a Latin one, which each priest may or may not have, as he please. But I studied closely the holy fathers of the church ; so did most of the students. We are taught to rely upon them as our sole guide in morals, and the only correct interpreters of the Bible. The right of private judgment was entirely denied to us, and represented as the source of multifarious errors. The Bible, in fact, we have no veneration for. It was, in truth, but a dead letter in our college ; it was a sealed book to us ; though there was not an equal number of students who were obliged to study more closely the sayings, the sophistry, the metaphysics, and mystic doctrines of those raving dreamers, called holy fathers, many of whom, if now living, would be deemed madmen, and dealt with accordingly. I looked back again to those fathers for proofs of the infallibility of the Romish church, and for some evidence to satisfy me that I had no right to the exercise of my private judgment, either in reading or interpreting the Scriptures, but I looked in vain. The fathers themselves were extremely obscure. I found them often inconsistent, and at variance with each other upon many of the *fundamental* articles, as they are termed, of the Popish creed. On the reperusal of those fathers, I have found them often contradict each other. Nay, more ; such frequently were the theological vagaries of these semi-deranged though well-meaning men, that a careful reader will often find the same father contradict himself. Chrysostom, whom the Papists worship as a saint, and Tertullian, another saint of theirs, flatly contradict themselves.

* This statement was confirmed by the Rev. W. J. Burke, in his lectures in London, March 1868.

Chrysostom says, in speaking of the *real presence* in the Eucharist, that Christ gives himself bodily to be eaten, and that those who receive him, that is the consecrated wafer made of flour and water by a priest, may see him, touch him, and if they wish, *fix their teeth in his flesh!* In another place he says, that “the nature of the bread is not changed at all, though it is worthy to be called the Lord’s body.” Tertullian in one place maintains the same doctrine in relation to the *real presence*; but in another place he tells us, “that the meaning of the scripture phrase, *this is my body*, is, *this is the representation of my body*.” If these men were to live now,—if Jerome and Chrysostom and Tertullian were to utter such rhapsodical nonsense, what should we think of them or their followers? Yet the Romish church requires that the present generation shall forfeit all its advantages of education, science, and all the progressive advancement and expansion of intellect, and take the writings of those men as the only correct interpretation of the word of God. It occurred to me, therefore, on a second perusal of these works that I should reject them unconditionally. I knew full well, from my intimacy with the Romish church, that it was a maxim with the fathers, and expressly defended by them, as it is now by modern Papists, “that fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were valuable auxiliaries to truth!” This doctrine is now avowed, or at least taught in the *confessional*, and in Catholic countries out of the *confessional*, as well as in every Popish college in the universe.

From these I turn to my neglected Bible, and in it I discover no such maxims as were taught by the holy fathers, and are now inculcated by the priests. I have not found that any of the evangelists ever even intimated “that fraud was justifiable, or that it was ever lawful to do evil that good may come.” Apart from all this, it appeared to me not at all unlikely that the inspired men who wrote the scriptures, knew as well how to convey their own ideas to the world as the holy fathers or the *infallible* church did; nor could I see anything heterodox in supposing that if there was anything unintelligible or obscure in their language, they would leave us some record or note of the fact. They wrote by command, and under the direction of God; they wrote to instruct and enlighten the world; and, with all due deference to the *infallible* church and her holy fathers, I think it is fairly to be presumed

that their writings are less obscure, and more entitled to universal credence, than the rhapsodies of *fathers* and monks, one half of whom were as crazy as so many Millerites. It occurred to me, naturally, as I think it would to any man who was not *clean daft*, that I might, without presumption, invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, take up the Bible, read it prayerfully and interpret it honestly, according to the best of my judgment, the opinion of the holy fathers and the infallible church to the contrary notwithstanding.

Up to this very moment I was negotiating with the holy church, and the holy church negotiating with me, through Bishop England, of Charleston, and a very reverend Divine now in New York, for an arrangement of our *misunderstanding*. But we could not agree. There was now a barrier between us, which I could not pass. It was now with me not a question of churches or salaries, or location or domestic associations. The controversy now between me and the Romish church assumed a grave character. It was now a question with me of light or darkness, of life or death. I might have gone to Rome, fallen upon my knees, kissed the Pope's toe, and obtained the blessing of that poor old man. I might have acknowledged the *holy fathers* were better authority and were safer guides in matters of faith, and in all things that concerned eternal life, than the Holy Scriptures. It was an easy matter for me, so far as human effort was necessary, to cast aside the Bible altogether, and substitute in its place the sayings and opinions of the holy fathers, whose vanity often led them to suppose themselves inspired. Nothing was easier for me than to reject the Bible as a rule of faith, and permit myself to be governed by the babblings of popes and churchmen. This language, perhaps, may be deemed disrespectful; but it is not so. I cannot apprehend how anything I say can be deemed disrespectful, while I confine myself within the limits which the example of South, Jeremy Taylor, and others have prescribed. No theologian, no one acquainted with history, sacred or profane, or with the eminent Dr. Robert South, one of the most learned divines of the seventeenth century, would accuse him of any intention to disparage the memory of the early Christians, who deserve to be honoured, nor any of the doctrines which they maintained, unless they were universally admitted to be so absurd that no man of common sense could sustain them. Yet this eminent man, speaking of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, as taught by Chrysostom and Tertullian,

calls it "*the most stupendous piece of nonsense that ever was owned before a rational world.*"

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, a distinguished Irish theologian, speaking of transubstantiation, as taught by the holy fathers, says, "*By this doctrine the same thing stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself, and yet abides close by itself, and in itself, and out of itself; it is brought from heaven to earth and yet is nowhere in the way, nor even stirs out of heaven. It makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of the body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the Eucharist, as it is probable that he did, and certain that he might have done.*" But the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ was not the only nonsense which these holy fathers taught. They believed largely in the doctrine of miracles.

Ambrose, who was bishop of Milan, about the year 350, has been always, and is now, considered by the Popish church one of her best authorities. Papists tell us, that while he lay an infant in his cradle, a swarm of bees settled upon his lips as a presage of his future eloquence; and I believe it is generally admitted, that if any of the fathers quoted by Papists is good authority in matters of *faith*, he is amongst the best. During my doubts, whether I should take the fathers of the Romish church or the holy Bible for my guide, I was led especially to the examination of the doctrines maintained by St. Ambrose and those taught in the Bible, and never before did I see that common though vulgar saying, "comparisons are odious," more strictly fulfilled. I will take one for example.

Among the many rhapsodies taught by St. Ambrose, a belief in Popish miracles was the most prominent. He taught as I have stated above, that the wafer which the Romish priest gives to the communicant was the solid *flesh* of Christ, and so solid, that he who received it might *stick his teeth into the flesh?*

The following is another specimen of the miracles in which he believed. The empress Justina asked St. Ambrose for one of the Romish churches for the use of the Arian sect. He refused her, and was then about to consecrate that sumptuous basilic, afterwards called St. Ambrose's church. The people, as we are told, were anxious to deposit in the edifice the relics of some martyr—relics were used by the holy father Ambrose then, as they are now, by Popish priests—to cure all diseases. The people insisted upon having them, and accordingly the

holy father promised that they should be procured. Paulinus and Augustine tell us, that "he was favored with a vision of two martyrs, who were never before heard of, named Gervusius and Protusius, who, hearing in heaven of the holy father's design to build a Popish church, instantly fled from their place of repose, and told him that they were murdered by infidel heretics in such a place, and on such a day; that if he would send men with spades and shovels to the place designated, they would find their bones, and to have them removed and deposited in the new church." The holy saint, in compliance with this glorious information, which he received in a vision, sent a number of men with spades, shovels, pickaxes, &c., and they soon found the "bodies of two men of wonderful stature." The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round was soaked with blood. I use the language of the holy fathers themselves, translated into English, which, considering that all the flesh had already disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles, unless it can be supposed, as the re-later wickedly observes, "that it may be new created." As the workmen proceeded down towards the martyrs' resting-place, "their skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the *possessed*, who had been brought upon such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in the most lamentable way, thus giving attestation to the power of glorious martyrs." The relics, blood and bones, were carefully removed to the new basilic, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased persons, who were so happy as to touch them; such was their virtue, that even to touch the pall which covered them was sufficient. Among others, a butcher, who had been a long time blind, was restored to sight. The blood of these martyrs was worked up into paste, and distributed all over Christendom, as an antidote against all diseases.

The writings of the *holy* fathers abound with legends of this kind. We are told by them that one of the Romish saints, in Egypt, named Apia Till, suffered martyrdom, after being cut to pieces ten times each day, for ten successive days, by the tyrant Maximin, and was every night put together by the angel Gabriel. Another tells us that he has a bottle, in which are corked up carefully some of the "rays of the star of Bethlehem, handed down to posterity by one of the wise men who went in search of the new-born Saviour." Another of those *infallible*

lunatics tells us, "that he has sealed up, in perfect preservation, some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's Temple."

Among the innumerable miracles in which the holy fathers of the Romish church believed, or pretended to believe, there are some so ridiculously incredible, that humanity itself, in the lowest depths of degradation into which it has fallen, blushes at the repetition. It is gravely related by a Roman Catholic divine,—and no Roman Catholic in the United States disbelieves it,—that the sacrament of the *Eucharist*, or, to make it more intelligent to my readers, the wafer which the priest gives to the sick, and elevates to the people, while saying mass, was conveyed in a bee-hive. In all probability, it dropped out of the pocket of some priest. The bees were found dead, and in the midst of them the wafer became an infant Christ, looking like other infants, but more beautiful. (See Peter Cluniac, first book, first chapter). It is related by another Romish writer, that a hive of bees was once heard singing most harmoniously. A devout priest, passing by, happened to look in, and saw among them the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, to which they were singing glory and praise.

There is scarcely an American traveller, of any note, who has not visited Naples. There are now in that city of worse than Pagan idolatry, some of those *converts*, which Bishop Fenwick says he has made from the "*most respectable Protestant families in Boston.*" The bishop was right in one thing. The families to which he alluded are highly and deservedly respectable. Their children are respectable, and these parents can have no objection that I should appeal to them for the truth of any assertion I make. I appeal to those *American converts*, now in Italy, whether it is not believed there, that Saint Januarius, on a certain day, is invoked to be "*propitious to the people.*" During this invocation, in which the whole city, and thousands upon thousands from the neighbouring country unite, certain ceremonies are performed, bells are rung, every one goes to *confession*, masses are said, incense offered, *holy water* is sprinkled profusely, beads are counted, relics are kissed, and when all this is over, a priest comes forth from the sacristy of the church, preceded and followed by an immense train of boys, bearing lights, &c., &c. The priest holds in his hand some of the *blood* of St. Januarius, formed into a hard *crust*. He calls upon the saint to be *propitious*, and to grant his prayer. If the saint is willing to be *propitious*, the crust of the saint's blood, which the priest holds in his hand, bubbles into a red

liquid. For a true account of this, I refer the general reader to Dr. Moore's Tour. The doctor was the father of Sir John Moore, and was an eye-witness of this mummary. But I will refer those *respectable Protestant families*, from whom the Jesuit bishop, Fenwick, says he has made so many converts, to their own children, now in Naples, and who have been seduced by these arrant and designing knaves—Popish priests and bishops—to abandon their homes, their country, and their civil rights, and give them in exchange for such degrading mummeries as they are now witnessing in Italy. Their children will tell them that what I state is correct. Let these parents reflect, that probably they themselves are the cause of the errors into which their children have been decoyed. It was recently observed, by an eminent divine at Boston, that the great prosperity of this country may be the cause of the many evils which threaten our people. The sentiment appears strange to many, but the eloquent gentleman was right. The downfall of nations might always be traced to their superabundant wealth and prosperity. The same may be applied to individuals. Reader, did you ever see infidelity in a cottage? Never, where the Bible has found its way. Misery you will find there, but that you will find in palaces. The poor love the name and the religion of Christ. The puritan fathers of the nabobs of this land loved them, and they had reason to do so. To religion and to the Bible they are indebted for all their worldly comfort, their liberty and their civil rights; and the parents who permit their children to be seduced from their tender care by Jesuits, notorious for centuries for nothing but fraud, deception, seduction, and avarice, have a long account to settle with their Eternal Master. Let them take heed, lest their wealth be the cause of the temporal and spiritual poverty of their beloved children.

Be not startled, reader, if I inform you, that a miracle, more incredible than the blood of Januarius, has been wrought in these United States, only a few years ago, if we are to believe a Roman Catholic bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most talented men in the Romish Church.

Who is it that does not recollect the notorious Prince Hohenloe, who, a few years ago, played so many "fantastic tricks before high heaven," and who, if we are correctly informed by his Popish biographers, wrought more miracles in one month than the Saviour of mankind did during the whole course of his ministerial life.

It appears that the Popish priests and nuns of the United States have been for several years expecting or at least pretending to expect, some miraculous evidence of divine favor in their behalf. The nuns and *sisters of charity*, in the convents of Emmetsburg and Georgetown, felt jealous that their *brothers* and *sisters* in Europe should be empowered to work and witness miracles almost daily, and thereby enrich their convents, while they themselves had not a single miracle among them,—at least of their own manufacture. Up to that time, as far as I know, no miracle was performed or witnessed by Popish nuns and *lay sisters* in the United States. This was deemed a serious calamity. It was even a loss of revenue, and this the priests and nuns knew full well. Something must be done. Revenue must be had from some source; and the unprincipled priests and bishops of this country, understanding well the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity, knowing that human nature is the same in all nations, and among all people, and seeing the vast benefits which, in a pecuniary point of view, their church derived from the belief of their people in miracles, resolved to try an experiment, on a small scale upon *brother Jonathan*. Accordingly, about the year 1828, when *S. Hohenloe* was in his glory, his *divine* power shining in full blaze, the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic church resolved upon having a miracle of their own, instantan. The following was their *modus operandi*:—

A *lay sister*, in the nunnery of Emmetsburg or Georgetown, I forget which, was taken ill. She bore her indisposition, which was attended with *excruciating pains*—“*risum teniatis*,” with *angelic* resignation. The best medical aid was always at hand, but she grew worse and worse every day, until her case became hopeless. Her recovery was pronounced impossible. Medical aid could do no more; her whole time was devoted to prayer; but—*mirabile dictu*—one night, as she lay in momentary expectation of death, the spirit of Prince Hohenloe paid her a visit, bid her be of good cheer, and directed her to have *mass* said for her in her room on a certain day and at a certain hour—naming both—and that when the priest raised up the wafer at mass, she should look at it, and would see the infant Saviour in his hands, body and blood, soul and divinity, and in shape and form like other infants. She communicated this visit from the saint to her *confessor*. He, as is usual in these cases, did not believe it at first; but the saint visited him, too, and reprimanded him for his credulity. Bishop England, of

Charleston, was immediately sent for. The circumstance of the saint's visit was related to him. He pretended to disbelieve it also for a while, but was finally convinced of its truth, and consented to say mass on the appointed day and hour in the lay sister's sick room, and also, incredible to relate, this Bishop England, a man of talent, and a man of sense, though the slave of the Pope of Rome, vouches, in a letter to the public, through the *Catholic Miscellany*, which he himself then edited, that the whole of the *lay sister's* fal-de-ral was true—that the saint visited her—that he said mass according to his instructions, and that she saw in *his hands*, not a little wafer made of flour and water, *but a full grown infant*, in all the natural proportions of humanity!!! (*Ask Mother Agueda what this means*, Ed.)

I regret extremely that I have not the *Catholic Miscellany*, containing an account of this transaction, by Bishop England himself, as it is hardly to be expected that Americans can otherwise believe it. But undoubtedly Bishop Hughes, of New York, and Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, must have files of the *Miscellany*, containing an account of this miraculous event.

Is this not enough of itself to deter any man, endowed with the faculty of reason, from holding any communion whatever with Roman Catholic bishops and priests? A degradation of the understanding like this, and among a people like ours, cannot exist unaccompanied with depravity of heart. The intellect cannot be darkened when the heart is pure and bright, and such a heart cannot be possessed by a Papist who remains so after a thorough knowledge of Popish iniquities, which all priests and bishops are supposed to have. I declare it as my solemn conviction, and from my perfect knowledge of Popery, that a thoroughly educated Popish priest,—I mean thoroughly educated in Popery,—can no longer retain the image of the Deity which the God of nature has stamped upon every created mind, undefiled or undebased, while he has any connexion with the church of Rome. That church is, and ever has been, the curse of the earth, the scourge of all good governments, and the greatest obstacle to the Divine will. Under this conviction, I have addressed myself to the public in this book. Under this conviction I have taken the liberty of appealing to Protestant families and cautioning them against the intrigues of priests. It was this conviction that induced me to disregard that ancient aphorism which says, "If the people will be deceived, let them be deceived." I felt that the

people had no chance to escape deception, unless the truth were known and fairly explained to them. When dust is thrown into the eyes of the people, or even into those of private families, it is the duty of every man, and mine as well as that of others, to remove and clear it away; otherwise I should be undeserving of the blessings and privileges secured to me by the laws of this country. Could I rest supinely, and see a body of men prevail by artifice, who hate the very name of liberty, without resisting them as far as in me lay, I should be acting criminally. It is bad enough to tolerate among us miracle-mongers and convicted idolators, but to allow them to continue in the practice and propagation of such deeds, without warning our people and cautioning them against being drawn into the whirlpool of Popish corruption, which now foams and boils and bubbles over our land, would show in me an ingratitude towards this country, to which I owe everything I am, and which gives me as good a right as others to expect much more.

It is strange that we should have amongst us a society called Puseyites, who believe as firmly as Papists do in the long-exploded doctrines of miracles,—a doctrine upon which age after age has pronounced an unqualified verdict of censure and reprobation. Yet so it is. Allow me to give you an example of the long list of miracles in which they believe.

“Sixty confessors were made prisoners by Huneric, the tyrant king of the African Vandals, in the fourth century. He ordered their tongues to be cut out, even to the roots, inclusively: but, notwithstanding this loss of their tongues, roots and all, they lived many years after, and spoke more plainly than ever!”

The Reverend Mr. Ward, a distinguished friend of Puseyism, now living in England, and looked upon by the Puseyites in the United States as one of the most able advocates of their doctrines, assures us with great gravity, and on the authority of the holy fathers of the middle ages, that the above fact is true, and as much entitled to credit as anything related in the Holy Scriptures. He even tells us, that “to attribute anything like idolatry, or anything approaching it, to such men as related the above and similar facts, was a *fearful approximation to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*.”

The Mr. Ward to whom I allude is well known to many literary men in this country, as the author of a work recently published, and called, “Ward’s Ideal of a Christian Church.”

The name of the work is assuredly an appropriate one. His church must be *ideal* indeed. It is something invisible, intangible, hitherto unknown and never heard of before, either in scriptural or church history; and where he found the materials, out of which he formed this *ideal* of a Christian church, must be known only to himself. But Mr. Ward is a philosopher—so say the Puseyites—and philosophers now-a-days have some strange dreams. They had such in all times, and in all ages of the Christian as well as the Heathen world. “Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away. ‘Science may be learned by rote,’ said my father to Yorick. Yorick thought my father inspired.”

Whether Puseyites think Mr. Ward inspired or not, I am at a loss to know, nor am I a judge; but that he is a *philosopher* is beyond doubt. Nor do I feel the least hesitation in saying that he will have, one day or another, his name inscribed in the same niche, and his ashes rest in the same urn, with such *distinguished* men as Joe Smith, Hiram Smith, and O. Brownson, all conspicuously eminent *philosophers*. The fact of my not understanding one word these eminent *philosophers* have uttered, is no argument against their *ideal* churches or their *ideal* theories.

“I will enter into obligations this moment,” said my father, “to lay out all my Aunt Dinah’s legacy in charitable uses, if the Corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.” Thus spoke the learned author of the “Tristrapedia” to *Trim*; but it by no means followed that *Trim* was not a philosopher, no more than it does that Mr. Ward and other Puseyite doctors are not philosophers, though not one of them has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word they have said or written.

Thrice honored, then, be Monks, Mormonites, Millerites, and Brownsonites. All will have their day, and so will common sense.

I am apprehensive that some will accuse me of levity in my manner of alluding to Puseyism. Others will say that I should have mentioned no names, or, if I did, I should have treated them with respect and kindness. Far be it from me to treat a grave subject lightly; but when I see the whole Christian world represented as profligate, and the Popish world alone represented as sinless and pure by the authors of Puseyism, I can scarcely treat such a false representation and

perversion of truth otherwise than with contempt and irony : and when I bring before the public the names of some of the individuals who have merited this, by exhibiting themselves as the authors and abettors of these gross outrages upon all that is sacred among men and among nations, I only do them justice. Are acts alone, and not their consequences, to be noticed ? Are we to take cognizance of effects, and pass by in silence their causes ? Are we to wage a *seven year's war* against Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and against other ideals of moon-stricken dreamers, and say not a word of the dreamers themselves, or the consequences that follow from them ? Suppose we had here in Boston, or New York, the hydrophobia ; suppose a citizen were in pursuit of the mad dog which introduced it, would any of my readers say to the citizen, Never mind the dog, let him go, but take care of the hydrophobia ? Assuredly not. The name, the colour, the appearance of the dog, and the symptoms of his madness, should be proclaimed to the public, least he might scatter the hydrophobia still further amongst them. Suppose an incendiary was seen in the streets of one of our large and populous cities, say for instance, Boston or New York, and that our police officers were in pursuit of him ; let us fancy a crowd of sympathizers, interfering, and saying to the officers, Let that man alone, pursue him no further ; do not even mention that he is an incendiary. It may be the cause of sending him to gaol, or, perhaps, to the state prison for life ; say nothing to any one against him, but take care of fires ; see well to it that the city is not burned. What under these circumstances, would be thought of the sympathizers ? Who would feel for *them* if their homes were rendered desolate, and their wives and children made houseless ? I would not check the generous or natural flow of human sympathy, but I do not know that I should do wrong in saying that such men deserved no commiseration.

Under these circumstances, why should I be accused of treating a grave subject lightly or ironically ? Never did the witty Lord Shaftesbury utter a plainer truth than when he said, that ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition.

I am aware that there are many objections to the use of ridicule and irony, in speaking on grave subjects ; but as Fielding very properly observes, there can be no objection to

making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood or imposture when once fairly detected; and as this method is for my present purpose unexceptionable, I think it will also prove efficacious.

Having perused the dreams, or, if the reader prefers it, opinions of the holy fathers, and taken a glance at those of a new sect amongst us, called Puseyites—which is but another name for Popery—I could see no reason why I should believe them of higher authority than the Scriptures, or why I should not prefer the latter for my rule of faith. The holy fathers of the church of Rome, and her unbaptized children, Puseyites, seem to me of equal authority. I say unbaptized, because I know not that their reputed parents, the Pope and his spouse the church of Rome, ever thought of such a thing as Puseyism. I am rather inclined to think, that the venerable couple are, up to this moment, unconscious of having any paternity whatever in Puseyism. At any rate, *their* holy fathers, such as Mr. Ward, Newman, and others, appear to me as *demented* and *clean daft* as any that ever existed in the middle ages. The “Knight of Cervantes,” as a late number of the *London Quarterly* expresses it, “never abandoned himself to delirious musings on the faded glories of chivalry more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of Popish power, and glories of the saints.”

The Bible was with them a matter of minor consideration. I know by experience that it was so; and I know that it is so at the present day, with every priest and bishop of the Romish church. I was aware then, as I am now, that it was perfectly useless to attempt reasoning with them, and I had, of course, no alternative left but to cast from me their writings and doctrines as the veriest trash that ever was written, and seek from the Bible, the fountain of truth, instruction for my future life. I looked upon the majority of the holy fathers either as notorious blockheads or dishonest knaves. There is no alternative. There is not even a medium.

But to return to the subject, from which I have so widely, though unconsciously, deviated.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a Protestant family. I had the pleasure of dining occasionally with them, and could not help noticing a seemingly delicate young man, who waited at the table. There was something in the countenance and whole appearance of this individual which struck me as singular. I could see no indica-

tion of positive wickedness or signal depravity in the external configuration of the young man's head. The expression of the eye indicated meekness, humility, and habitual obedience, rather than anything else ; but I could see, nevertheless, in the closely-compressed lips and furtive glance, which I could only occasionally catch—and even then by a sort of stealth—something that puzzled me. I know not why, but I could not like him. There was no cause, so far as I could see, why I should dislike the young man. Constitutionally, I was myself rather fearless than otherwise. I cannot recollect that, with equal means of defence, I ever before feared any one.

I do not desire to be considered a braggadocio, nor do I make this assertion with any such view. I have not in my composition, if I know myself, a single particle of bravery, neither do I covet its possession. I have often seen men of bravery tremble at the roaring of a lion, caged up and strongly chained in a menagerie. I have often seen and heard a brave man whistle as he passed through a churchyard : a brave man will shudder and quail at the very sight of his own shadow. A bully, a cut-throat, a highway robber, a Jesuit, or a traitor, may be brave ; conspirators against the peace and prosperity of their country may be, and have been, brave men. I desire not to belong to this class ; but I desire sincerely to merit the high distinction of being considered a man of courage. To this class all sincere Christians belong. To this class all who were distinguished for virtue and morality, even among the heathens, belonged. Witness the conduct of Cicero. He sought to shelter himself against the violent assaults and personal attacks of the conspirator, Cataline ; he wished no unnecessary, uncalled-for, collision with this blood-thirsty villain, when no good could follow, and his duty did not require it. But when the good of his country demanded it, and the voice of conscience called upon him, Cicero came forth, alone, and met the conspirator, Cataline, in the presence of the whole senate of Rome, and charged him, face to face, with his crimes, his treasons, and his conspiracy. Cicero was not a brave man, according to the acceptation of the word bravery among the assassins and stiletto-bearers of his day, nor would he be considered so in the acceptation of the word among the brawling *Repealers*, O'Connellites, traitors and conspirators of the present day ; but he was a man of courage.

There is a wide difference between a brave man and a man of courage. A brave man may stand at the mouth of the

cannon, while under the influence of some animal emotion, and quail even at imaginary danger ; but a courageous man smiles at all such things, and calmly prepares, and is always ready to meet those that are real. A man may be brave and fear the whistling of the wind, but a courageous man fears nothing, not even the whistling of the cannon's ball.

Luther was not a brave man, in the modern acceptation of that term. He rushed not among his foes. They hunted him like a wild beast, but they turned him not from his path. He met them face to face. He unfurled the standard of Christianity; he took his stand, and met them, and fought them under that glorious banner. He was not brave, but he was a man of courage.

These are the men I should like to imitate, and their courage —“ *Sic magnum cum parvis componere solebam* ” —is that which Popish priests and Jesuits, traitors to their God and this country of my adoption, will find I possess, as far as my limited powers of mind or body will permit.

Cicero looked Cataline in the face, and told him he was a conspirator and a traitor. Luther looked the miracle and indulgence-mongers of Germany in the face, and told them they were base idolaters ; and I tell the minions of the Pope in the United States, that they are worthless idolaters, traitors, and conspirators against the peace of this country, and that their sovereign lord, the Pope of Rome, shall be made to feel that his bulls and insolent interference in the affairs of the United States, shall soon meet that chastisement which is due to treason and its abettors.

But to return. I could never find the eye of this man fixed upon me, without an involuntary feeling of dread. I met him often in the streets ; he always seemed neat and tidy in his person ; he was civil and respectful in his deportment ; never seemed to forget that society had its grades, and that circumstances had clearly designated his own. With that he seemed well contented ; never as far as I could see, seeming to feel the least desire of intruding upon that of others. This being rather a rare case in the United States, twenty years ago, at any rate, when it was difficult to get servants who knew their places, struck me as another singular feature in his manner and character, and did not at all tend to remove the unpleasant impressions which his appearance made upon my mind. Not long after this, a messenger called at my rooms to say that “ Theodore ———,” was taken ill, and wished to see me. I

was then officiating as a Romish Priest, and calling to see him was shown upstairs to the door of a garret room, into which, after a loud rap, and announcing my name, I was admitted to the *sick young man*. He had returned to his bed before I entered, and was wrapped in a large over-cloak. I asked him whether he wanted to see me and for what purpose. He deliberately turned out of his bed, locked the door again, very respectfully handed me a chair, and asked me to sit down, as he had something very important to tell me. He wrapped himself again in his cloak, lay on the outside of the bed, and spoke to me in a firm decided tone to the following effect:—

“Sir, you have taken me for a young man, but you are mistaken. I am a girl, but not so young as I appear to you in my boy’s dress. I sent for you because I want to get a *character*, and confess to you before I leave the city.” I answered, “You must explain yourself more fully before you do either.” I moved my chair further from the bed, and tightened my grasp upon a sword cane, which I carried in my hand. “Feel no alarm,” said this, now, young woman, “I am as well armed as you are,” taking from her jacket an elegant poignard, “I will not hurt you. I am a *lay sister* belonging to the order of Jesuits, in Stonyhurst, England, and I wear this dagger to protect myself.” There was no longer any mystery in the matter. I knew now where I was, and the character of the being that stood before me.

I discovered from her, that she arrived in New Orleans some time previous, with all necessary recommendations to the priests and nuns of that city. She had the necessary “*Shibboleth*” from the Jesuits of Stonyhurst to their brothers and sisters, who were then and are now numerous in that city. They received her with all due caution, as far as could be seen by the public; but privately in the warmest manner. Jesuits are active and diligent in the discharge of their duties to their superiors; and, of course, this *sister*, who was chosen from among many for her zeal and craft, lost no time in entering on her mission. The *Sisters of Charity* in New Orleans took immediate charge of her, recommended her as chambermaid to one of the most respectable Protestant families in the city; and having clothed her in an appropriate dress, she entered upon her employment. She was active, diligent, and very competent. The young ladies of the family were delighted with her; she appeared extremely pious, but not ostenta-

tiously so. She seemed desirous to please in all things ; talked but seldom of religion, but took good care that her devotional exercises should be noticed, though she seemed to avoid such a thing. Her conduct was in every way unexceptionable. So great a favorite did she become with the family, that in a short time she became acquainted with all the circumstances and secrets, from those of the father down to those of the youngest child.

According to a custom universally in vogue among the Jesuit spies, she kept notes of every occurrence, which might tend to elucidate the character of the family, never carrying them about her, but depositing them for safe keeping with the mother abbess, especially deputed to take charge of them. She soon left this family under some pretext or other, obtained from them an unqualified recommendation for honesty and competency, which, with the previous and secret arrangements of the *Sisters of Charity*, obtained for her, without delay, a place in another Protestant family. Here, too, she was without fault, active, honest, and industrious, to all appearance. Little did these families know, that while they and their children were quietly reposing in the arms of sleep, this apparently innocent waiting-maid or chamber-maid was, perhaps, in the dead hour of night, reducing to paper their conversation of the day previous, and preparing it, at least as much of it as could answer any Jesuitical purpose, to be recorded among the secret archives of the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, from which they were to be transcopied to those of the parent college in Rome.

Thus did this *lay sister* continue to go from place to place, from family to family, until she became better acquainted with the politics, the pecuniary means, religious opinions, and whether favourably or not to the propagation of Popery in this country, than even the very individuals with whom she resided. No one suspected her ; all believed her innocent and industrious ; the only fault, they could find with her was, that she seemed too fond of going from one place to another. For this, however, the *Sisters of Charity* had some salvo or other.

This was not the best of the joke, if joke it may be called. This excellent chamber-maid, or rather lay Jesuit sister, wished to leave New Orleans and come north to a better climate ; and how do you think, reader, the means were raised to defray the expenses of travelling ? There was no difficulty in the matter. Americans can be gulled at all times. The *Sisters of Charity*

have always some friend in readiness to supply them with the means of performing *corporeal works of mercy*. This friend went round to these American families where this chambermaid lived from time to time; told them that she wanted to come on as far as Baltimore; that it was a pity to have her travel as a steerage passenger; a person of her virtue and correct deportment should not be placed in a situation where she might be liable to insult or rude treatment. A Cabin passage should be procured for her: she should be introduced to some respectable family going north, and who would take charge of her. The necessary funds were immediately collected for her; the generous Protestants with whom she lived, pitying the poor girl, told her she might want the little she had earned to support herself in the north, until she could get a place. A handsome purse was soon made up, a cabin passage was engaged, and the young ladies on whom she waited made her presents of every article of dress necessary for her comfort and convenience. She was the depository of all their love stories; she knew the names of their lovers; she heard their love-sighs, and probably witnessed many of their tears; at all events, if there were secrets among them, they were known to her. And having made herself acquainted with the state of things in New Orleans, she started for Baltimore; laughing in her sleeves at the success of her mission so far, and at the credulity of American *dolts*, as Jesuits very properly term them.

On arriving in Baltimore, she of course called upon the nuns of that city, who were prepared for her reception, and had already a situation engaged for a "chambermaid whom they expected from New Orleans, and who was coming, highly recommended from some of the first families in that city." She took possession of a place as soon as convenient, spent several months in that city, discharging all her duties faithfully, no one finding any fault with her, except her restlessness in not staying long with any family. Having now become acquainted with the secrets and circumstances of almost every Protestant family of note in Baltimore, and made her report to the mother abbess of the nunnery of her order in that city, she retired to the District of Columbia; and after advising with the mother abbess of the convent, she determined to change her apparent character and appearance.

By advice of *that venerable lady, the holy prioress*, on whom many of our wives of our national representatives, and even grave senators, look as an example of *piety and chastity*,

she cut short her hair, dressed herself in a smart-looking waiter's jacket and trousers, and, with the best recommendations for intelligence and capacity, she, in her new dress applied for a situation as waiter at Gadsby's Hotel, in Washington city. This smart and tidy-looking young man got instant employment; and now we have the *lay sister* in quite a different character. His intelligent countenance—we must not say *her* in future—soon attracted the notice of some of our most eloquent statesmen. He appeared so humble, so obedient and so unattentive to any thing but his own business, that those senators on whom he waited, not suspecting that he had the ordinary curiosity of servants in general, were entirely thrown off their guard, and in their conversations with one another seemed to forget their usual caution. Such, in a short time, was their confidence in him, that their most important papers and letters were left loose upon their tables, satisfied with saying, as they were going out, "Theodore, take care of my room and papers."

Now the Jesuit was in *her* glory. Now the lay sister had an opportunity of knowing many of our national secrets, as well as the private characters of some of our eminent statesmen. Now it was known whether Henry Clay was a gambler; whether Daniel Webster was a libertine; whether John C. Calhoun was an honorable but credulous man. Now it was known what value was put upon Popish influence in this country, and what were the hopes of Papist foreigners in the United States. In fact, this lay sister, in male uniform, and but a waiter in Gadsby's Hotel, was thus enabled to give more correct information of the actual state of things in this country through the General of the Jesuit Order in Rome, than the whole corps diplomatique, from foreign countries, then resident at our seat of government.*

* It is well known that the awkward genuflexions and crossings of Lord John Russell at a Royal Baptism in Vienna, while his Lordship was acting as British Minister there, were the subject of much merriment with the maids of honour of the court—the *great Protestant Statesman imitating Popish practices!* But it may not be so well known that when his Lordship reduced his establishment, a few days after going out of office in 1866, his *man-cook* was succeeded by a Roman Catholic female, who had *just returned from Rome*. Through this cook, by means of the CONFESSIOAL, Dr. Manning may easily acquire a knowledge of Lord John's failings, virtues, and domestic life, a knowledge which that base Jesuit knows how to use.

And we cannot but think there was somewhat of this kind of agency at work, previous to the hearing of the case of the "CONFESSIOAL

After relating to me in her sick room—as the family in which she lived fancied it was—all these circumstances, she deliberately said to me, “I want a *written character* from you. You must state in it that I have *complied with my duty*; and as it is necessary that I should wear a cap for a while, having cut off my hair, you must say that you visited me in my sick room, that I confessed to you, received the *viaticum*, and had just recovered from a violent fever, in which I lost my hair. My business is not done yet,” said she. “I must go to New York, where the *Sisters of Charity* will find a place for me as waiting-maid.” It is needless to say with what reluctance any man could comply with such a request as this; and my having done so, is a stronger evidence than I have heretofore given of the indomitable strength of early education.

The conduct of this emissary of Satan was the embodiment of all that was iniquitous and dishonorable; it was a violation of every tie that holds society together; it was a part of a system of social, political, moral, public and private treachery, which no other being than a devil or a Jesuit could devise. Yet I was a Popish priest. My education, my profession, my oath, compelled me to sanction it; and I did sanction it. The

UNMASKED,” by the *Lord Chief Justice of England*, April 29, 1868, We were present on that occasion, and our firm conviction is *that judgment was privately pronounced before the case was heard in Court*. The Lord Chief Justice, *whose inability to indulge in immorality, forced him to respect morality*, pronounced judgment against a book as obscene and immoral, though that book was proved to be composed of *bona fide* extracts, Religious and Moral, from the highest authorities in the Romish Church, and published and circulated for the express purpose of exposing and suppressing the obscenity and immorality of priests in the Confessional. And while that same learned Judge *confessed his ignorance* of the case he was hearing, and *made mis-statements* respecting it, we could not help thinking that he knew the Romish Bishops, whose interests were at stake in the trial, were in possession of certain secrets of his, though he was *Lord Chief Justice*, which it would be inconvenient for him to have disclosed. And we cannot but believe that this decision—decision as unrighteous and illegal as that pronounced by Pilate, when the voice of the *Chief Priests* prevailed against the Holy and the Just—has been given to secure the favour or avoid the wrath of these *Father Confessors*.

By means of “daughters of pleasure,” spies in the capacity of servants, governesses, clerks, professional gentlemen, and Government officials, the Romish Hierarchy have acquired a perfect knowledge of the character and power of their supporters and of their adversaries in this country, and they have with profound cunning and malice made their arrangements for our degradation and destruction.—*Editor*.

lay sister retired to New York, put on her female dress, and, during some months following, acted as chamber-maid in several of the wealthiest Protestant families in that city. A few weeks after she obtained from me this character, the Rev. Mr. ———, (I will give his name in full if necessary,) President of the Jesuit college in Stonyhurst, to which I have alluded, and where this demon, now in petticoats, was a *lay sister*, called on me in Philadelphia. We were old acquaintances, he being Vice-President of the college of Maynooth for about twelve months.

The misunderstanding between myself and the acting superior of the diocese of Pennsylvania, had just commenced, and my friend, the Jesuit, thought it his duty to call upon me. He hoped that I would abandon my schismatic course,—I was not then a heretic,—and cease to circulate the Bible among the people. He never alluded to the *lay sister* during our whole conversation, though he was the very man who caused her to be sent out of this country, and the one who first procured her the situation of *lay sister at Stonyhurst*. Both were relatives, and both natives of Dublin, in Ireland.

Whether the relation of this circumstance will have the effect of putting Americans on their guard against Jesuits and nuns, I know not; and in truth such is their apathy on the general subject of Popery, that I am tempted to say, I care not. My impression is, that until some attack is made upon an American's purse, Jonathan will never be roused from his apathy. So far as I know, Americans, as the antagonists of Popery, will listen to no argument upon the subject, either in their national councils or in their pulpits, except to the one great argument, the "*Argumentum ad crumenum*." I will only say, "*Qui vult desipatur*."

It is unnecessary, I presume, to remark here, that the conduct of the modern *fathers* of the Popish church, in sending to this country the *lay sister* of whom I have been speaking, and encouraging her as a spy among our citizens, did not tend much to diminish my doubts about the veracity of the *ancient fathers*.

Providentially, however, another circumstance occurred, which finally decided me. It is of so atrocious a character that if there were not several now living who witnessed the whole transaction, I would scarcely mention it; or if I did, it could be with little or no hope of being believed by Americans, although some money is mixed up with the affair.

There lived in Philadelphia, about the year 1822 or 1823, a gentleman of high character as a sea-captain and otherwise. He commanded an East Indiaman, belonging to one of the wealthiest houses in that city. One of the firm now lives there, though at an advanced period of life. This captain of whom I speak was in the habit of visiting Baltimore whenever he returned from the East Indies. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and believed to be worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. He shipped largely upon his own account, and was successful.

While in Baltimore, he formed an attachment for a Roman Catholic lady of beauty, but no fortune. The Rev. Mr. K——, the Stonyhurst Jesuit whom I mentioned, happened to be there during one of the captain's visits to that city to see his lady. The Jesuit having discovered who the captain was, what he was, and how much money he was worth, obtained an introduction to him from this Roman Catholic lady. He soon found that, like most men, whose lives had been spent upon the sea, he was a frank, open hearted man. A little further intimacy satisfied him that he was deeply in love with this Popish lady. His course was now clear. The Jesuit serpent saw plainly that his prey was within striking distance; that he need only coil himself into a proper attitude and spring upon it at his leisure. He represented to the captain that the lady to whom he was paying his attentions was one of the most amiable and excellent of her sex; highly approved of the captain's taste and judgment; with many other such observations. The captain was more and more pleased with the object of his affections, and urged his suit with increased assiduity. The Jesuit in the meantime was not idle; his eyes rested with a serpent-like fascinating gaze upon the movements and money of the captain. He had private interviews with the lady. He contrived to have her become his *penitent*, and go to confession to him. His control over her in future was boundless. She lost her identity as a member of society. She almost ceased to be a human being; a rational one she could not be. She became a thing, a mere thing to be shaped and moulded as her *holy father* the Jesuit directed.* He spoke

* Cardinal Wiseman publicly taught that it was impossible to become a member of the Romish system, unless by "absolute, unconditional submission to its teaching;" and the "school of St. Philip Neri"—the Brompton Orotarians—lay it down as a rule, that to be truly obedient, it is not enough to do what obedience commands, but it must be done *without reasoning*; and

to her of the captain, of his great attachment to her, and recommended her to marry him, but on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic. He talked eloquently of the awful consequences of having a member of the *infallible* church unite herself to a heretic, whom she knew to be excommunicated and damned by the Pope and the holy church, as all heretics are; and finally obtained from the young lady a solemn promise that she should never marry her suitor until he became a member of the church of Rome.

When the captain next called to see her, the lady told him that she had one objection, and only one, to marrying him; unless that was removed, she could never consent to do so; and stated to him what that objection was. The unsuspecting and frank sailor, not being a professor of any religion, and caring very little to what church he might go, replied that he would as soon be a Roman Catholic as anything else. All things were now arranged except the formality of uniting with the Popish church. The Jesuit was sent for, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place in a few weeks, during which time the captain, under the direction of the Jesuit, was to prepare himself for confession; a necessary preliminary for joining the Popish church.

It is a custom with Jesuits, and almost all priests of the Romish church, to require of those who are about uniting with them, to go into what they call a *Retreat*; viz., to enter into some retired or secluded place, where they will have an opportunity of communing with themselves, without interruption from the world or its busy citizens. The Jesuit recommended to his unfortunate dupe, the captain, to retire to ——— convent where he might be alone as much as he pleased, and where he would hear nothing but songs of praise to the Most High God, from *blessed monks and nuns*.

The captain according to orders, entered upon his *retreat*. Before I proceed further, I will observe that this captain, of whom I am speaking, had a remarkably beautiful set of teeth, of which he was extremely vain. He was not many days upon his *retreat* when systems of derangement became evident; and one day, while under the influence of some natural or artificial cause—the reader may guess which—the unfortunate gentlemen went down to Alexandria, called upon

further, that “it is the duty of *all* to submit willingly to a learned and discreet Confessor, whom they *must obey in the place of God*. These are the men and principles by which our rulers are seeking to rule England.

a dentist in that city or neighbourhood, and insisted that he should pull out seven teeth from each jaw. In vain did the dentist remonstrate; out they must come, and out they did come.

The Jesuit hastened to Baltimore, called upon the lady who was engaged to be married, told her the captain was insane beyond recovery, and that she should be thankful to the Virgin Mary, who caused this visitation in time to prevent her being married to a madman. Judge you, Americans, of the feelings, of this lady on that occasion, and say what ought to be the punishment of the incarnate fiend who occasioned them. The poor captain, though considerably recovered, continued to be partially deranged; but it assumed a character of religious gloom and melancholy. The Jesuit returned to ———, seeming to do all in his power to lighten the *spiritual* load which lay upon the captain's soul. He became his confessor and soon persuaded him that the only way of saving his soul was to convey to the order of Jesuits what property he possessed, and to become a Popish priest; that he had a visit from the Virgin Mary, who ordered him to tell him—the captain—that he must take holy orders; that there was a grand field opened for him to promote the cause of religion and the *saints*: that he must go forthwith to Philadelphia, where an infamous heretic, called Hogan, was spreading most *damnable* heresies. Will you believe it, Americans? It is drawing almost too heavily upon you to do so. He did come to Philadelphia, and preached against the heretic Hogan and Hoganism, a fact which fifty thousand people there can attest. But *quantum mutatis*! When he left it some time before, he was a happy, honorable, and fine looking man. He was wealthy, and he obtained his wealth by honest industry. But how was he now, the distorted shadow of what he was; pennyless, toothless, and a senseless fanatic, drugged into madness, and by whom? by nuns, who act in the treble capacity of cooks, teachers, and prostitutes, for Jesuits. This is harsh language indeed. Call it gross, if you please, reader; but if you will figure to yourself for a moment an honorable man, a native of these United States, a fine specimen of manly proportions, and manly beauty, and then conceive this individual reduced to the condition to which I, and thousands now living, have seen this noble hearted sailor of whom I have spoken, reduced, my language will appear neither harsh nor coarse.

What! must we call Jesuit assassins, reverend gentlemen? Must we call robbers, honest men? Must we call their accessories, nuns, ladies of virtue? Sympathizers may do so; but I do not write for them alone. I write for men of sense—I write for lovers of their God and their country—I write not for advocates of Puseyism, or such exploded fooleries as they believe in. Whatever I say is intended for those alone who have the capacity of distinguishing between common sense and mental vogaries, and who have the honesty to call things by their proper names.

The first sermon which this unfortunate man preached against me in Philadelphia, was attended by crowds. Many had known him before he went to Baltimore. He was then universally popular, and on his return among them he was well received. His friends saw the change—the fatal change which had taken place in his whole external configuration; but they knew not by what means it was effected. Some attributed it to self-denial, others to fanaticism, but none to the right cause. This was known only in the *confessional*; and under all these circumstances, it may be easily supposed, that his discourses against me, however unconnected they may be—however fugitive and irrelevant as a whole, had a powerful effect upon the public mind.

Public sentiment, which, up to this period sustained me in my opposition to Popery, and in my efforts to circulate the Bible now begun to flag. Popish priests and bishops went about industriously representing that this reverend convert to Popery was inspired; reported that he had visits from saints and angels, attested the fact of his inspiration. There was no difficulty in persuading a man of his shattered constitution, and now weak mind, that such was the fact; and he redoubled his efforts in trying to persuade those who attended my church, and who were becoming readers of the Bible, never to do so again. His disordered mind often “saw me in hell, side by side with Luther, and the blessed Virgin spitting in our faces!” He often saw me with Ignatius Loyola, who was breaking me on the rack as a punishment for my heresies. The utterance of those wild rhapsodies were not without their effect; almost all the poor Irish Papists believed them; and it required from me more bodily and mental labour than I was able to endure, to counteract the effect of this madman’s rhapsodizing.

I am now so well acquainted with the character of American

Protestants, and even with American converts to the Romish church, that I know it is difficult to persuade them that the Romish priests of Philadelphia, or other parts of the United States, were so utterly abandoned to degeneracy, as to give credence to these visions or visits from saints, which I have just spoken of. But let them recollect, that practices upon popular credulity are now carried on, and were then carried on, upon as large a scale as at any period in the existence of the Romish Church. Such impositions are encouraged all over the world, even at the present day. The wildest extravagancies of intellect have circulated freely for the last thirty years in the world. Read Eugene Sue. He tells us of numerous instances of the kind. Read the last edition of Genin, page 82, and you will find an account of the Medal of the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*, struck only the other day, 1838. Over *two hundred thousand copies* of this medal have been already sold. The story is this, as now vouched for by the most eminent *holy fathers of the infallible church*: That the Virgin Mary shewed herself to one of the *Sisters of Charity* in France, a branch of which holy sisterhood we have in this city of Boston, the capital of New England, and revealed to her the pattern of a medal to be struck for her, the dress she was to appear in, and the kind of rings she was to wear.

This medal has cured, and is now curing, according to the accounts we receive from the *holy fathers*, all manner of diseases, such as paralysis, epilepsy, cancer, and, according to the belief of some Puseyite moral philosophers, it causes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. A capital story is related of the potency of this medal. It is too good to be omitted, especially as many of my Puseyite friends believe it, and no doubt will be glad to hear it repeated.

A *Sister of Charity* got acquainted with a married couple. The wife was a Papist of the most exemplary character, obedient to holy mother the church, and her confessor in all things. The husband had no faith, especially in his wife's confessor. He drank, cursed, and swore, "like all possessed." The holy *Sister of Charity* seeing him at the point of death, and wishing to rescue his soul from hell, called to see him, and slipped one of these medals between the sheets of the wicked man's bed, and the next morning he gets up as well as ever and goes to confession. Another miracle which was performed by this medal, in 1838, deserves notice, and may prove invaluable if

it finds its way into this country. One Marie Laboissiere, aided by her lover, murdered her husband, and forced her son to take part in the murder, to prevent him from being a witness against her. The lady and her lover were, however, arrested, tried, and found guilty of the murder. They appealed to a higher tribunal. During the interval between the sittings of the higher and lower courts, one of the *Sisters of Charity* threw a medal round Marie's neck, and though the court and all saw that she was guilty, and ought to be judicially declared so, they could not do it. The medal would not let them, but obliged them to acquit her.* If the reader will take into consideration, that such visions as the reverend captain fancied he had, were matters of every day occurrence with pious Papists, and that a belief in them is encouraged and enforced by Popish priests and bishops everywhere, they will cease to be surprised that a man tortured into madness, as my reverend antagonist was, should have visions such as those ascribed to him; nor will they wonder at the effect of his preaching upon a congregation principally composed of Irish and French Papists.

I was alone, without a clerical friend; not a Protestant preacher, with the exception of one, raised his hand or his voice in my support. They seemed to like *the fun*, as some of them expressed it, amongst the Papists—I suppose they considered me one of them—but they came not to my aid. They appeared to me pretty much like the wife who, when she saw her husband fighting with a bear, and was expected to interfere, very coolly replied, “I don't care which of them gets licked.”

Under these circumstances I felt discouraged; became utterly disgusted with Popery and its infamous practices, with the holy fathers and their fooleries, and resolved in future to have no more to do with Popery. I collected such volumes as I had of the holy fathers, piled them up into one heap, added to them the lives of the *saints*, and placed on the top of the pile the Pope's bull of excommunication, which the poor old man thought would frighten me out of my wits, I consigned them, book by book, volume by volume, together with the aforesaid bull, to the warm embraces of a good hickory fire. I knew the day was not far distant when Americans would see something besides *fun* in Popish quarrels; and in the meantime

* Such influences are at work in England; for though all see that the Popish priests are frequently criminal, yet it is almost impossible to bring them to justice.

determined to employ myself in the study of Blackstone, Chitty, &c., a much more profitable employment, in a pecuniary point of view, than fighting in the cause of American Protestants, with European Papists.

It is said of Erasmus, that he laid the egg of the Reformation, and that Luther hatched it. I trust it will not be deemed vanity in me to say, that I have done as much for American Protestants as Erasmus did in his day. At least I have done all I could; but whether they, or any of them will do as Luther has done, time alone can decide.

In this connection, it is not improper for me to state the ultimate fate of this reverend convert to the Romish Church. After I retired from Philadelphia, and Homanism was put down, the Jesuits measurably neglected their convert; a thing very unusual with them, to do them justice. He felt the loneliness of his situation. With a mind enfeebled by drugs, a correct view of his situation could only strike him by glances; but they were terrible and fearful. He saw himself robbed of the one beloved object of all his earthly affections; plundered of a fortune, the fruit of honorable toil and industry. He saw in himself but the mutilated skeleton of what he once was, and the dupe of crafty Jesuits and licentious nuns. He shrunk from the view, and as if God, in his mercy, wished to hide it from him, by means which may appear to us incomprehensible, he fell into fits of real madness, from which he recovered but occasionally. The last I heard of him was, that he was arrested somewhere near Newcastle, Delaware, for attempting to commit a rape on a child nine years old; but the poor maniac was acquitted, on the ground of insanity. Several priests were called as witnesses in his behalf; and well they may be witnesses. It was they that caused him to be what he was—it was they that maddened him.

Those who are not familiar with crime, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose consciences have not been seared by the blackness of guilt, may hesitate to give credence to these disgusting details. Comparatively short as our national existence is, and though brief the period since we cut loose, as a nation, from what we deemed the polluted governments of Europe, still there was a time, even in these United States, when such deeds as I have related would not, and could not, be believed amongst us. There was a time when the ancient Romans did not think that there existed such a crime as parricide; and hence it is that there was no

law against it. There was actually no punishment known to their laws for commission of such a crime; and why, reader? Did the ancient Romans encourage their children to kill their parents, or to commit parricide? No; far from it. No people in the world venerated their parents more than the Roman children of the day to which I allude. They had no law against the crime, because they did not believe it possible that such a crime could be committed. Nor is it to be wondered now, that many Americans should consider it almost impossible that such deeds as I have laid to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, should be perpetrated amongst us. But time, that exponent of all things, will soon satisfy our people—as it did the Romans before us—that there is nothing impossible, or even beyond the range of Jesuitical iniquity. The archives of Jesuitical intrigue are now in a measure being thrown open to the world. The diffusion of literature is so general, and human curiosity, at the present period, so great, that nothing can escape its searching enquiries. It is therefore to be hoped that our people will not be much longer in ignorance of the iniquities of Jesuits. Americans can now learn from historical evidence, which admits of no doubt, that Jesuits have been expelled, successively, from thirty-nine different governments: they can also learn, that by intrigue, deception, perjury and poison, they have survived each and every one of these expulsions. They may see—if they can see anything but money—that the Jesuits are now making a final struggle for a settlement in this country; and if they are not so stupid as not to see that similar causes must produce similar events, they will infer that Jesuits, who have successfully and effectually introduced disunion, discord, and disorganization in thirty-nine governments, cannot fail to do the same in ours. If, by poison or assassination, they have dethroned the rulers of other countries—if, by debauchery and superstition, in the confessional, they have seduced their wives and daughters, can it be supposed that our rulers shall escape, our government be secure, or our wives and daughters safe from the daggers or subtle poison of these notorious fiends?

Let any American take the “Wandering Jew,”—let him read it attentively, and reflect that the writer, Eugene Sue, is a Roman Catholic now living in France, and say whether there is any crime too daring for a Romish priest or Jesuit. If he doubts what I relate of a young lady in the beginning of this book, who was debauched by a Romish priest, and poisoned

by a nun, the mother abbess of a Jesuit seminary of learning, to get rid of her illicit offspring, let them see the history of Charlotte de Cordoville, in the "Wandering Jew." He will see in the history of the young lady, distinguished though she was for fortune, beauty and charity, how she was reduced to misery and unhappiness, by the intrigues of Jesuits. You will see how her own aunt was made the instrument of all her misfortunes; but her aunt was first made a Jesuit, and in that capacity she disregarded honor, truth, the relationship of blood, and all the alliances of natural friendship. She caused her to be imprisoned and maltreated. She and her associate Jesuits caused herself and her lover to be poisoned or drugged into an insane stupor; all for the glory of the *infallible* church, and with a view of adding to its ill-gotten treasures.

But Romish priests will not permit their people to read Eugene Sue; it is a forbidden book. His *royal holiness*, the Pope, has cursed the book and all who read it. He has cursed all who presume to discuss fairly the merits of Popery; but even this will scarcely be believed by Americans. Strange infatuation! Will Americans read a report made to the French Chambers in Paris, by the Duke de Broglie, on the subject of public instruction and Jesuitism? Will they further read a small work written by Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, professors in the French national college? If they do, it may open their eyes to consequences which may be apprehended from even tolerating Jesuits amongst us. They will see that Jesuits are the avowed enemies of liberal education, and that they are sustained in their opposition to it by the curses of the Pope.

Professors Michelet and Quinet, in 1843, were discussing, in public, the influence of the different religious orders. They had, as we are told, commented upon that of the Templars, and were speaking of the society of Jesuits, its origin and its interference in political affairs; and though the professors themselves were Roman Catholics, though they lectured in a Roman Catholic country and to a Roman Catholic people, under the sanction of a law of the land, yet Jesuits attempted to disturb those lectures, by creating an uproar among the audience; just what they are doing in this country.* But what renders their conduct on this occasion more strange, is the fact, that the very existence of Jesuits, as a society, is illegal in France.

* The same policy is carried and in England. See *Popish Riots and British Justice*.

There is a law in France against secret associations, and under this law they cannot exist. How pregnant with instructions to Americans is this single historical fact ! A few years ago, Charles X. and his family had to fly from France, because, under the influence of Jesuitism, he violated his faith, he broke his royal word and oath to the people. The people of France hunted him and the Jesuits out of that country, as they would so many wild beasts. Such, *then*, was the indignation of Popish France against that infernal society the Jesuits, that not one of them dared to show his face in the streets of Paris, without trembling for his life. Like dastardly cowards, as all dishonorable and bad men are,—I never knew an exception—these wretches move about like beasts of chase, “stealing from one cover to another ;” the representatives of all that was base and dishonourable ; embodiment of all that was vile, false, and treacherous : the incarnation, the sentiment and the sediment of all that was odious in fallen humanity. But see them now, 1843 and '44, and see the conduct of these very French people towards them. Though the law forbids their existence, they have the hardihood to interrupt the legitimate professors of the college of France, in their inquiries into the spirit and influence of Jesuitism ; and they are supported by a portion of the very people, who, but a few years ago, pelted them with rotten eggs, and dead cats, through the streets of Paris. And what effected this extraordinary change in popular sentiment ? It is accounted for in various ways ; but I contend that the only fair solution of the problem is to be found in the fact, that republican, democratic North America has opened her hospitable doors, and without suspicion, or without dreaming that she was entertaining her deadliest foe, has spread her tables to feed, and opened her purse to build asylums for these scape-goats of the human family.

In 1830, Jesuits were crushed in France ; they fled to the United States, collected together their broken phalanxes, told brother Jonathan they were a persecuted people, prevailed on him to build colleges for them, and they have risen again, not only in this land of the brave, but even in France, under the present king, Louis Philippe.

But notwithstanding these truths, the enquiry is sometimes made,—the question has often been put even to myself,—“Are there really any Jesuits in the United States ?” “Do you believe that females are seduced into nunneries ?” “Do you believe they attempt to tamper with our children or our wives ?” I

allude to the subject of private tampering with the wives and daughters of Americans thus frequently, because I think it is all-important that they should thoroughly understand the dangers to be apprehended from having any intercourse whatever with Jesuits and nuns. Many a man asks this question, who accompanies it with saying the nunnery to which my daughter goes to school is not a Jesuit nunnery. The priest to whom my wife confesses is not a Jesuit. The priest to whom my daughter and servants go to confession is not, and never was a Jesuit; and consequently there is no danger from this source. Many a man asks the question, and states these circumstances in good faith, and feels secure that all is right, as nothing in his opinion is to be feared but from Jesuits. This is a delusion. This man's wife is already governed by Jesuits through her confessor. It even happens sometimes that the confessor himself is unconscious of the part he is acting. The confessor acts under the immediate advice of his bishop, to whom alone, in most cases, the Jesuits entrust their plans, unless the confessor is personally known to them, and unless the confessor professes and solemnly swears to observe,—I use the words of the oath,—“obedience, courage, secrecy, patience, craft, audacity, perfect union among ourselves having for our country, the world; for our family, our order; for our queen, Rome.”

Few of the confessors in this country, except the bishops, are entrusted with the plans of the Jesuits; perhaps not ten, except they are of the Jesuit order. It is through these confessors that many of our American youths, both male and female, are seduced into Popish schools, where they become, with few exceptions, spiritless, false slaves of abject superstition, and the victims of a superficial education. No time is given, no room left, as a modern writer expresses it, for the energies of the mind to develope themselves. No sustenance is provided to nourish the finer feelings of the heart. The intellect is checked, the flow of imagination is stemmed, and all the warm and generous affections of the soul are poisoned in their very bud.

For an instance of the fatal consequences of such an education as this, I would call the attention of Americans once more to the “Wandering Jew.” See the effects of a Jesuitical education upon the noble and generous mind of Gabriel, the adopted son of the honest Dagoberth. What could be more lovely than the disposition of this young man!

His sentiments were as upright and as chaste as fallen humanity would permit. But the Jesuit society laid its impure hands upon him at an early period of life; they persuaded his guileless adopted mother to go to confession—not to a Jesuit—but to a curé of another order of priests; and the bishop of this curé gave him his instructions how to manage the mother of Gabriel. The bishop knew that this adopted son of the virtuous and craftless wife of Dagoberth was one among other heirs of an immense estate, and he directed the curé to prevail upon this simple woman, while at confession with him, to send Gabriel to a Jesuit school, and have him become a Jesuit priest. Americans! read the squeal, and in *that* you will find a warning, stronger and louder than I can give you, never to send a child of yours to a Jesuit seminary. Let mothers read the history of Dagoberth's wife, and if, after a careful and honest perusal of it, they will again commit their daughters to the care of a nurse who goes to confession, I must only conclude that they are either infidels, or mad, or both. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Gabriel—the virtuous and good Gabriel—was nursed by Dagoberth's wife. From his infancy, it seems, he had no inclination to become a Jesuit: he appeared to have an innate aversion to the order of Jesuits; he struggled against uniting himself with them, as far as a sense of gratitude, and a feeling of affection for his adopted mother, the nurse of his childhood, would permit. But all to no purpose; the mother was dupe of her confessor. He was instructed to win over the youth by any and every means; and, with the advice and co-operation of Jesuits; the confessor of this really honest but deluded woman, succeeded, by perseverance and increased fondness of her adopted child, in neutralizing his aversion towards Jesuit priests.

In an evil hour he joined them; their traps were too well laid, and without being seen in the business themselves, they accomplished their iniquitous purposes through the instrumentality of this affectionate and charitable woman. All was done through the *confessional*. How many similar cases have I witnessed myself in the course of my life, but particularly while acting as a Romish priest in the confessional! How often have I known some of the best of women belonging to the Roman Catholic church unconsciously made the dupes of priests! How often have I seen women, who, had they been properly educated, and under different circumstances, would be

an honor to any religious denomination, made the instruments of all that was vile and flagitious, by Popish confessors! How often have I seen Roman Catholic servant-maids in Protestant families inveigled by their *ghostly fathers* in the confessional into treachery, deception, and ingratitude towards their employers and benefactors! How often, as I have stated, in my book on Popery, have these Roman Catholic servants stolen the infants from their Protestant mothers, and brought them to myself to be baptized!

There is now, in the State of Massachusetts, a young Protestant clergyman, distinguished for his talents and piety, an honour to his profession as a minister of the gospel, and to the State of Massachusetts, as a republican citizen, who was baptized by myself in Philadelphia, when acting as a Roman Catholic priest. The name of the gentleman and the date of his baptism was duly registered by me; but the clerical Goths and Vandals, who succeeded me in St. Mary's church in that city, *expunged* the register which I kept, not deeming it safe to leave in existence, if possible, any records of the iniquities taught or practised in the Romish church.

There are, in all bodies and in all denominations of clergymen, certain individuals by whom it becomes fashionable to get married and baptized; and during my residence in Philadelphia, I held rather a conspicuous place among them. The congregation of St. Mary's church was a large one. Notwithstanding my *schismatic* doctrines—I was not then deemed a heretic—crowds attended the church; and I believe, though I cannot tell the exact number, that I baptized more children than any clergyman in the city. Among these there were hundreds of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Baptists, brought to me for that purpose by their Roman Catholic nurses, without the knowledge or consent of their Protestant mothers.*

This has ever been the treacherous practice of the Romish church, from the days of Hildebrand down to the present moment. Dagoberth's wife is not a solitary instance of the undue influence which Romish priests have over those women who go to confession to them. Show me the house of a Protestant family in the United States where there is a Roman

* This practice in *London* led to the famous trials, in 1865 and 1866: Pittendreigh v. Tigar, Kennedy and others, and brought to a successful issue by the Protestant Electoral Union. *Oppression of a British Subject by Romish Conspirators*. Published by the Society.

Catholic, male or female, who goes to confession and communion in the Romish church, and I will show you a watch, a spy upon every act, and deed, and movement, of that family. There is not a letter that comes into such a family that is not watched by Popish servants. They soon know from whom it comes, or whether anything is to be gained by intercepting it. The confessor is immediately consulted, and it is ascertained, from some servant in the house, where it was written or where it was received, what was its purport, or what it contained.

This practice of domestic *espionage*, we all know, is common in every country where auricular confession is taught and practised; but it is carried on more generally here, in proportion to the number of Roman Catholics, than in any other country in the world; and the reason is obvious. It is said that Jews never cheat each other; this is not because they will not cheat as well as others. The reason is they will not trust each other. They are always on the watch, or, as Yankees would express it, "on the look out" for each other. Neither is it because other countries or other people are less disposed to indulge in this species of espionage than we are that they have less of it; it is because Catholic countries and Catholics will not trust in each other. They are on the *qui vive* in all matters of intrigue, whether in domestic or national affairs, whether in morals or politics. But poor Jonathan, with all his *smartness*, and all his *cleverness*, is probably the most gullible biped that crawls upon this earth. I have known some poor servant-maids and servant-men, who did not seem to have an idea beyond a Hottentot, who, after one month's proper training in the confessional by a Romish priest, could wheedle them out of all they possessed, except their money; and never have I known a Romish confessor, nor even the simplest Rev. yahoo, from the bogs of Ireland, or flats of Holland, who could not filch from them whatever money he wanted for any given purpose.

The cunning of Americans, their knowledge of human nature and of things in general, cannot be mentioned in the same category with the craft and knowledge of man which Jesuit priests and confessors possess. This is exemplified even in the case of American missionaries. Send an American missionary to France, to Spain, or to any Catholic country, and without aid from home, he will starve. He has no Roman Catholic to come to confession to him, to give him money to build a church for him; he has no servant-maid or servant-man, through whom

he can persuade, a master or mistress to give him ten or twelve dollars for saying mass; no dying man or woman will send for him, and pay him well for taking out of his pockets a set of *oil-stocks*, for the purpose of greasing the mover, commencing on the forehead, the tip of the nose, eyelids, the lips, the breast, the loins, and the soles of the feet. He has no one to send for him, and pay highly for putting his hand into his breeches pocket, and pulling out a box full of *gods*, viz.—wafers made of flour and water, and giving him one of them. No; he has none of these resources; he starves amongst them, until bread is sent to him from home. Talk of Yankee cunning! he is a simpleton, compared with a Jesuit. A Jesuit comes amongst us, or he goes to any Protestant country, without a dollar, but he never travels without his jackals, male or female. He brings with him his *lay sisters* and his *lay brothers*, they soon scent out prey for him; they hire themselves as servant-men and women to Protestant Yankees, and the first intimation we have of a Jesuit missionary amongst us is the alarm of some rich-toned bell, which we hear from the steeple of a church, built for him by Protestant Yankees. In place of sending home for money to support him, as the American missionary has to do, a Jesuit is sending home money to pay the passage of others to come out and help him. He is purchasing some of the most valuable real estate that Protestant Yankees own, with Yankee money and writes home to his royal holiness, the Pope, that Americans are a simple, gullible people. “Persevere,” says the Jesuit in America, to his Pope, “already have you three millions of faithful troops from your own faithful allies of France and Spain, and other Roman Catholic friendly governments, among them. Besides this, Holy Father, your holiness will bear in mind, that many of those *American heretics* are deserting their own churches, and joining us, and above all, most Holy Father, you will remember—and I pray you will graciously condescend to take note of it—that these Americans are all politicians, all fond of offices, and would kiss your — as well as your toe, if your *subjects* will only aid them in keeping their offices, which I am happy to inform your *Holiness*, we are very willing to do until we have numerical strength enough to turn all the heretical wretches out, and fill up their places with your faithful subjects. This, with the aid of the blessed Virgin Mary, we shall be able to accomplish in a very few years. Press on, most Holy Father; your *subjects* are coming in thousands per day. Send *despatches* to your royal brothers of Austria,

Prussia, and Spain; urge upon them to send us help, and the glorious cause of your holy spouse, the infallible church the *Queen* of heaven, will triumph.

“Write to the greatest *layman living*, Daniel O’Connell, whom your “Holiness” intends shall receive from your hands a crown, as king of Ireland; urge upon him the necessity of sending over to the United States all the Repealers he can spare. Let him persuade the Irish that the *Union* was the cause of all their grievances,—that they would have nothing to complain of if the *Union* were repealed. Let not your faithful son, D. O’Connell, ever allude to the fact,—the poor Irish would never dream of it,—that the *Union* is not quite fifty years old, and that, for seven hundred years before its existence, the Irish were much more quarrelsome, clamorous, litigious, than they are now. It won’t do to let them know this: *Repeal* would lose all its charms, and the greatest *layman living* would become,—between you and myself and the holy Virgin Mary,—what he really is, the greatest scoundrel and the biggest poltroon living. These heretical Americans are trying to cause a division between your son, Daniel O’Connell and your *subjects*. *Poor dolts!* how little they know about us; we know what we are about. Your son need only go regularly to confession, and attend mass in some public place, such as at a mass-meeting of Repealers, and nothing can separate your subjects from him. I trust the move we made the other day in New York, through your faithful *subject*, Lord Bishop Hughes, was highly satisfactory to your Holiness. Your royal Holiness will be graciously pleased to remember, that the first murmurings of *Repeal* thunder proceeded from New York, through that *humble, pious, and zealous* servant of the *infallible* church, the Lord Bishop Hughes. He was among the first to call the people together, and under pretence of desiring *Repeal* in Ireland, he told them to organise, to weigh well their own power and influence in the political balance. He advised them to give their support to no man but a *Repealer*, and very judiciously instructed his confessors in private, that it should be given only to those who were most favourable to your Holiness’s spouse, the *infallible church*. He succeeded well. The American heretics swallowed the bait; the President of the United States for the time being was the first political gudgeon he caught. Next followed two young spawns of his. They shouted *Repeal* throughout the country. Your *subjects* promised to elect the

three of them presidents in succession ; but when the hour of election came, as in duty and by oath of allegiance to your Holiness bound, we acted as we thought would best serve the interest of our *holy church*."

This may all seem like romance ; but is it so ? Do not facts within the knowledge and almost view of my readers, prove that it is the very reverse ? Who is there that does not know, that does not recollect, or that can forget the events and circumstances of the last election for President of the United States ? Who is there that does not recollect the part which *Repealers* played in that election ? Can any man who has paid the least attention to passing events, forget the conduct of Bishop Hughes, of New York, or of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, or of any other (Romish bishop) of the United States, during the last political eventful year ? Who ordered the Irish Catholics to turn out with a banner, bearing upon it the treasonable inscription, "*Americans shan't rule us !*" ? Bishop Hughes, of New York. Did not a band of traitorous *repealers*, calling themselves democrats, parade the streets of New York, Buffalo, and other cities, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Bishop Hughes, shaking this banner in the very faces of American citizens, hurraing for Daniel O'Connell and Repeal ? Did not this Bishop Hughes order several hundred stand of fire-arms to be placed in the Roman Catholic churches of New York, with a view of firing upon the citizens, should they even dare to show any dissatisfaction at these traitorous proceedings ?* Has not this Bishop Hughes been in close correspondence with the traitor O'Connell ever since he sounded the first note of Repeal ? And is not this demagogue Hughes at this very moment corresponding with the confessors of Daniel O'Connell and the other leaders of Repeal in Ireland ? Yes, I assert it,—he is. There is a continuous line of correspondence, as I have stated in my recent book on Popery, between the Propaganda in Rome, the Romish bishops of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell and the Romish bishops of the United States. The Propaganda of Rome is the muddy and polluted source from which the various streams of treason, which are inundating our country, have proceeded. Their course is sinuous ; their gyrations are intricate in the extreme.

* The same line of conduct has been pursued in Lancashire this year, 1868 ; and yesterday, May 7, the writer had an acknowledgement from the Government, of the receipt of a communication, showing that FIRE-ARMS are conveyed to "*Homes*" for women in *London*.—*Ed.*

Their basin comprises France, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, the Netherlands ; in fact, all civilized Europe, besides South America and Mexico—their fountain Rome, and disembogueing in the United States. Yet we now hear this Lord Bishop Hughes telling his *subjects* in New York and elsewhere,—telling what, my readers?—will you believe it, should I inform you? Or will you not think me trifling with you, and sporting with a grave subject? He tells his *subjects* now, after doing all the mischief he could, after exciting family against family, after creating disunion, dissension, and discord, after exciting peaceable fellow-citizens, to embrue their hands in each other's blood, that he entirely disapproves of Daniel O'Connell ; that he believes him a *monarchist*, and that it is the duty of Papists to stand by the government that protected them.*

This is, unquestionably, the boldest piece of impudence, and the most clumsy attempt at imposition upon the credulity of Americans, that has ever been attempted in this country. It has no parallel in the history of Popery in the United States ; and if ever there was a time or an occasion which calls upon Americans to vindicate their honour, and fling from them, with indignation, the imputation of being *credulous dupes*, now is the day, and now is the hour. What is this insolent upstart, Hughes—who, but the other day, as another expresses it, “ was pitchforked from the potatoe field into a palace ”—that he dares insult the common sense of the free-born citizens of America? He, a “ foreigner,” a foundling for aught we know, nursed and fed by Jesuits into manhood, their slave and their tool—how dare he insult the very country that gives him an asylum? How dare he outrage the feelings of the very people that give him bread to eat, and clothes to his back? I will give you, Americans, some idea of who he is, and who his brethren of the Popish mitre are. They are individuals—and the Lord Bishop Hughes is pre-eminently conspicuous among them—who, stript of the false splendor which circumstances and place throw around them ; who, if deprived of the drapery and mimic glories of Popery, in which holy mother the church has enveloped them, would appear among the meanest and most despicable members of society. Such men may be borne with while they abstain from insulting the common sense of the people ; but when their arrogance, insolence, and vanity presume to trample on the rights of the people, and ridicule the

* See communication of the Knight of Kerry, to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, 1835.

understanding of the community, they deserve something more than commiseration.

When, in the plentitude of their vanity, they cease to be content with the profits of office and the free exercise of their religion, and dare insinuate aught disrespectful to the understanding of their benefactors, they cease to be objects even of toleration. In ages of ignorance, the trappings of Popery may strike with awe. Those ages are gone by; and if Americans are true to themselves, they will never revive in this country, notwithstanding the insolent efforts of this Lord Bishop Hughes. This reverend bully has long bid defiance to the unarmed arguments of Americans. He will not condescend to listen to the American theologian, who brings into the arena of religious controversy, truth without a sword, and fair argument unbacked by bowie knives and clubs; he will not stoop to such a mode of warfare. No, this clerical rake would, if he could, Gothicize this nation of freemen. He would extinguish, if he could, among Americans, the light of learning and philosophy. Nay, he would, and he has been trying to raise from the putrid pools of ignorance and superstition, fogs and evaporations, and clouds and mists, sufficiently thick to hide from the eyes of Americans the pure, the brilliant, and the glorious light, even of the Bible itself. It is not enough for him that his *subjects* should consider him their *official superior*—it is not enough that some poor foreigners—and I blush to own it—even Americans, should look upon him and his brethren as their superiors in the church, but they are required also to consider them their superiors in wisdom and virtue, though they know them to be Jesuits. Papists, whether foreigners or Americans, are even in the United States, little better than living automatons or self-acting tools, for the corrupt agents of his royal holiness, the Pope.

Can this be? the reader will say. Can it be, that man, created a free agent, living in a free country, and governed by equal laws—can he be made to obey the word of command given by a popish bishop, as a wild beast would the lash of the whip of the keeper of a menagerie? It is so, reader; and particularly with every human being, male or female, who goes to confession. I care not how intelligent he may appear to be, or what his acquirements or accomplishments may be: if he is weak enough, fool enough, or hypocrite enough, and mean enough to go to confession to a Romish priest, he deserves not the name of a freeman. He who bends the knee to a

Romish priest, and asks him to forgive his sins, submitting to such restrictions or discipline as the priests may be pleased to impose upon him, becomes a degenerated being. Take, for instance, a bird, one of the feathered citizens of the open air; take a lion, a proud denizen of the boundless forest; compare him with one of those tamed, broken down, and whipped into obedience, by the keeper of a menagerie, and how strongly, how painfully marked is the contrast! Their very looks bespeak their degradation. But the contrast is not greater, nor their fall more humiliating, than that of the man or woman who exchanges that obedience which he or she owes to reason, to pure religion, and the divine law of the Gospel, for the degraded servitude required from them by Popish priests and confessors.

Let us suppose a whole people thus tamed, thus broken, thus snaffled, bitted, and bridled by skilful Popish riders and Jesuit jockeys, will they not soon lose all ideas of liberty morals, and individual manliness? Will they not soon be ready to exclaim, in the language of inspiration, "Why died I not from the womb?"

But let us return to the Lord Bishop Hughes, of New York, and his sudden conversion from Repeal and O'Connellism. As I have stated before, it is the boldest stroke that ever has been made to deceive a whole nation. Nothing equal to it that I know of, in modern history, except, perhaps, it may be that of the Jesuit, Rodin, which we find related in the "Wandering Jew." The only difference between the Jesuit, Hughes, and the Jesuit, Rodin, is this, that Rodin's audacity, hypocrisy, and treachery, were practised on a small scale, when compared with that of this modern Jesuit, Lord Bishop of New York. There is, however, a strong similitude between these two illustrious individuals. I need not inform my readers—as I believe they have all read the "Wandering Jew"—that Rodin was a Jesuit, commissioned by the Society of Jesuits, in Rome, to act as its agent, with full powers to secure for the Society of Jesus, as it is nicknamed by them, an immense estate belonging, in law and in justice, to a French family, of the name of Rennepont. He was empowered to secure this property to the Society, but he must use no *violence*. It must be done solely by the *play of action*, hypocrisy, and deception. The reader will remember, as we are informed in the "Wandering Jew," that the Rennepont family had to fly from France, after the king of that country, at the instigation of the Pope,

and by a violation of the most solemn compact, had broken the edict of Nantz, which secured to the Protestants the quiet possession of their property. After fighting their way through blood and Popish butcheries, this noble family, with thousands of others, had to fly from their homes, friendless and penniless. Only a few escaped the bloodhounds of Popery. Their wives and daughters were dishonored, and, as we are told, upon good authority, their helpless infants were dashed against the corners of houses, and their brains scattered upon the pavements. Nothing was left them. They had to seek refuge in distant lands; they went east and west, north and south. Many of the descendants are now living in some of the Southern States of this confederacy.

The General of the Jesuit Order in Rome discovered that some of the descendants of the Rennepont family had survived the disasters of the times, and held in their possession proofs sufficient to establish claims to their patrimonial rights. The Jesuits determined to defeat them; and if the reader's curiosity induces him to learn by what means they endeavoured to do so; and what agents they employed to affect it, let him read the account given of the whole transaction in the "Wandering Jew," by that inimitable writer, Eugene Sue. They will find in that work proofs of the wickedness of Jesuits. They will find that *auricular confession* is something even worse than I have described it. I have not talent to give a sufficiently accurate picture of this diabolical Popish invention.

Lord Bishop Hughes has been for several years lecturing through the State of New York, as every man who has read the leading newspapers of the country must know; he has represented O'Connell as one of the greatest and best men of the day, and one of the most persecuted of men by the British government. O'Connell and genuine Popery are almost synonymous terms with this Lord Bishop. As I have stated above, he tried to enlist, and has actually succeeded, all foreign Papists, and a vast number even of Americans, in the cause of O'Connell and Irish repeal. Wherever this Lord Bishop went, dissension and anarchy followed in his train; but mark him now. Mark the course of this Bishop Hughes for the last few years, and you will be struck with the exact similitude, which in every feature, exists between itself and that of Rodin. The readers of the "Wandering Jew" will recollect that Rodin established a press in Paris, for the ostensible purpose of inculcating truth, and advancing the public good. The title of

this press was, "LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR." The editor was one Nini Moulin, a notorious drunkard, ignorant and profligate in the extreme, and, personally, irresponsible, either in a pecuniary or moral point of view. If sued for any libellous matter, contained in this press, nothing could be recovered from him because he had nothing. If thrown into gaol for the immorality of the act, he could not suffer in his reputation, because he had none to lose; he may continue *editor* still, and all that was necessary was that Rodin should supply him with something to eat and drink. For the amusement of my readers, I beg to give a brief description of the editor of Rodin's paper. I take it from that given by one who knew him, who was the mistress kept by this editor of Rodin's paper, one Rose Pompon. She thus describes the editor: "A face as red as a glass of red wine, and a nose all covered with pimples, like a strawberry." Rodin, describing him, gives a different character altogether. He says that "Nini Moulin is a very worthy man, though, perhaps, a *little* fond of *pleasure*." Here is a precious specimen of Jesuitism and Popish morality; a man living notoriously with a woman of the town, bearing upon his face the marks of drunkenness and profligacy, is pronounced by a *Romish priest* to be a *very worthy man*, though, perhaps, a *little* fond of *pleasure*!

Suppose Rodin and Nini Moulin were amongst us here, in the city of Boston or in the city of New York, who is there that would not shrink from a contact with either? The Jesuit Bishop Hughes, of New York, and his brother Fenwick, of Boston, have presses in each of those cities, and the wretches who ostensibly conduct them are, in point of fact, of no higher or more worthy character than Rodin's editor, Nini Moulin. No man who opposed Jesuitism in Paris, or who was even suspected of being inimical to it, escaped the abuse of Rodin's journal. The fairest characters were blasted by it; it defamed and bespattered with its scurrility some of the most honourable and high-minded citizens, while the artful and cowardly hypocrite himself was hidden from observation. Is it not so with Hughes, of New York, Fenwick, of Boston, and the whole tribe of Popish bishops throughout the United States? No man is safe, no character is spared from the virulence of the presses which they own. Witness the "Truth Teller," of New York, owned by Bishop Hughes, though like Rodin, he denies the ownership of it. What can be more vile than the language of that press? It declares that "*Americans shan't rule us—*

Papists." It has for years been spewing forth its malicious tirades against Protestant Americans, while the real author of this scurrility, Bishop Hughes, is skulking behind the bush.*

But I will tear off that masquerade dress which hides the moral deformities of this man; and I trust that all Protestants will sustain and pardon me, in holding him, and not the Nini Moulins who conduct his press, responsible for its contents. Let no Protestant notice the miserable beings who are the reputed editors of the "Truth Teller," Bishop Hughes's organ: let the Bishop himself be held responsible.

The Jesuit Bishop of Boston, Fenwick, another Roden, has also a press called "The Pilot," apparently edited by a silly-looking Irish jackanape. Let not Bostonians notice the abuse which this paper has heaped upon them for years; or if they do, let them hold Bishop Fenwick responsible for it; he is the real author of its contents, and not the little brainless gander, its reputed editor.

I might quote a thousand instances of the similarity of thought and deeds which governed, and which now govern, the whole body of Romish priests. But enough. It is time that Americans should vindicate their honour.

Having done all the mischief he could—having inflicted upon the peace of our country a wound, which, in all probability, can never be healed, he adroitly turns round—just as the hypocritical villian, Rodin, the Jesuit, did—and tells Americans that he was wrong in supporting O'Connell; that he can support him no longer, because the said O'Connell is a *monarchist*. Let us try and reconcile this with the solemn oath of this vapouring Jesuit, and canting patriot, Hughes. The following is an extract from the oath which, as a Popish bishop, and a Jesuit, he took at his ordination and consecration:—

"Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness's rights and customs, against all usurpal of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authority and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or *state*, named Protestant, or *obedience* to any of their inferior *magistrates* or *officers*. I do further declare, the doctrine of the Church of England, and

* A great portion of English Press is here most faithfully described.—*Ed.*

of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of others of the name of Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, advise all, or any of his holiness's agents in any place, wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical *Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretending powers regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical* for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsel, from time to time, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly father, or by any of his sacred convent. All which I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these, my real intentions, to keep this my oath."

Now Mr. Bishop, suppose you and I reason together for a moment. Either this oath is binding upon your lordship or it is not. If the former, assuredly you can have no reasonable objection to supporting O'Connell, either as a *monarchist* or as your ally in defending the *rights* and *prerogatives* of his royal holiness the Pope. If the latter, that is, if it is not binding on you—if you will not *defend* the Pope's *power*, his throne, and his prerogatives—say so, like an honest man. Until you do this, we must look upon your denunciations against O'Connell, as the veriest farce that ever was enacted by the veriest mountebank scoundrel that ever filched a dollar from the pockets of Americans. Will you dare stand before me, and tell me that the Pope of Rome is not himself a monarch? Will you dare look me in the face and say that you would not support him? Will you dare look me in the eye, and say that you would not support his government? Recollect, that I understand the mysteries of Popery as well as you do; remember, that I have studied its doctrines more deeply than ever you had an opportunity of doing; and I experience not the least emotion of vanity when I assure your Jesuit lordship that I am a much better general scholar than you are. You will, therefore, be cautious in future. I will watch you in your ecclesiastical and political

gyrations ; and whenever you assert what is false in morals, or dangerous to the institutions of my adopted country, I will check you, and that with no gentle hand ; though I shall do unto you and your brethren but that which you and your brethren have done unto me. The truth is, Mr. Bishop, you are an overrated man, an inflated humbug ; and probably you would have passed for a learned one, had you not, without provocation, interfered with me. You, a Popish bishop, tell Americans, that you cannot support a *monarchist* ! Have you ever read the works of Salmeron, a Jesuit like yourself, but a theologian of learning, which you are not ? Either he was a liar, or you are one. Listen to what he says of *his monarch*, the Pope. “ The Pope has supreme power over all the earth ; over all kings and governments, and if they resist he must punish them.” Salmeron was a native of Toledo, and was so thoroughly *orthodox* in Popish belief that he wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures which were approved of by the *infallible church*. He died only about two hundred years ago. Can you blush, my Lord Bishop ? Either you think Americans an extremely ignorant people, and unable to discern between flippancy, Repeal gad, and solid historical information, or you must blush at your attempt to impose upon them. The veriest child in knowledge of ecclesiastical history, knows that the Pope is *king* and *monarch* of Rome, and that you are sworn, by the most fearful oath, to support him and his government in opposition to all others ; and yet, forsooth, you cannot support O’Connell *because* he is a *monarchist*.

Have you, my Lord Bishop Hughes, ever read the life of Pope Adrian ? Was he not a monarch ? Was he not, to use his Holiness’s own words, the monarch of all the islands upon which the sun hath shone ? Are you ignorant of this fact, Mr. Bishop ? I beg leave to instruct you upon the subject, by submitting to your lordship, and to the poor unfortunate Irish Catholics, whom you are leading blindly by the nose in every species of mischief and error, the following *bull*, sent by the aforesaid Pope Adrain to Henry II., in the year eleven hundred and fifty four. You will see from this *bull* that Pope Adrian was a *monarch* ; and I believe it is not usual with you or your brother bishops, to admit that there was ever any change in the power or prerogatives of the Popes from the days of St. Peter to the present time :—

“ Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious king of England, health

and apostolical benediction. Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the desire of propagating your glorious renown on earth, and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven, while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on *enlarging the borders of the Church, instructing the rude and ignorant in the truth of the christian faith*, exterminating vice from the vineyard of the Lord ; and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the Apostolic See.

“There is, indeed, no doubt, as your highness also doth acknowledge, *that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the holy Roman church*. Therefore are we the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith.

“You, then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter that land of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws, and extirpate the seeds of vice. You have also declared, that you are willing to pay for each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter.

“We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favourably assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good, that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue, and increase of religion, *you enter the said island, and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land ; and that the people of said land receive you honorably, and reverence you as their lord*.

“If, then, you be resolved to carry this design into effectual execution, study to form the nation to virtuous manners ; and labour by yourself, and by others whom you may judge meet for the work, in faith, word, and action, that the church may be there exalted, *the Christian faith planted*, and all things so ordered for the honour of God and the salvation of souls, that you may be entitled to a fulness of reward in heaven, and on earth to a glorious renown throughout all ages.”

Does it not appear, Mr. Bishop, from the above *bull*, that Pope Adrian was a *monarch*? And do you dare condemn your predecessors in office for supporting him as such, or for being themselves monarchists? I opine you would not.

Pope Adrian was an Englishman, and the only one who ever

filled the office of Pope. The successor of Adrian in the Papedom was a native of Sienna, and a *temporal monarch* as well as Adrian. He gave away kingdoms and crowns, as did all preceding and successive Popes; and yet your *lordship* will not pretend to say that they did wrong. You dare not do it. It would cost you your mitre, and the other paraphernalia with which the *holy church* has befooled and bedizened your sacred person. Let me give you an instance of the manner in which some of the *holy* popes have disposed of whole kingdoms. I might give many, but I shall content myself with one for *your* especial edification, and that of your deluded followers, the Irish in particular. The following is the *bull* of Pope Alexander, the successor of Adrian, confirming his transfer of the kingdom and people of Ireland to Henry II., king of England, in the year 1155.

“Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearly beloved son, the noble king of England, health, grace, and apostolic benediction. Forasmuch as things given and granted upon good reason by our predecessors are to be well allowed of, ratified and confirmed, we, well pondering and considering the grant and privilege for and concerning *the dominion of the land of Ireland to us* appertaining, and lately *given by our predecessor, Adrian, do* in like manner, *confirm, ratify, and allow the same*; provided there be reserved and paid to St. Peter, and to the Church of Rome, the yearly pension of one penny out of every house both in England and Ireland; provided, also, that the *barbarous people of Ireland* be by your means reformed from their filthy life and abominable manners, that, as in name, so in conduct and conversation *they may become Christians*; provided further, that *that rude and disordered Church being by you reformed*, the whole nation may, together with the profession of the faith, be in act and deed followers of the same.”

The above bulls are recorded in the archives of the Roman church in Ireland. They were publicly read at a Roman Catholic Synod held in the cathedral of Cashel, in Ireland, Anno Domini, 1171, and are now to be found in almost every history of Ireland that has ever been written since. But notwithstanding these historical facts, the poor Irish are told that they are indebted to the Church of Rome, even for *their nationality*. We have in this very city of Boston, a poor moon-stricken changeling, and would-be philosopher, who has recently been hired by the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick, to make

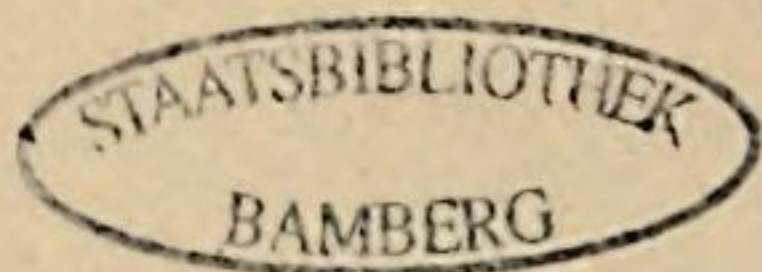
such an assertion, and the Irish Catholics to a man believe him. Unfortunate people! How long will you remain the dupes of popes, bishops, priests, and their agents?

Come out from among them; fly from the darkness of Popery: "come out of that deadly shade, and seat yourselves with us in God's own sunlight."

The *Lord* Bishop Hughes, of New York, finding that it would not answer his purpose to support O'Connell any longer, and feeling that he made his spring too violent and too soon; knowing that he fell far short of his leap, he turns round, like Jesuit Rodin, and tells Americans that he was altogether mistaken in the course he pursued, and that he was truly *their* friend; that they should *rule*, and by right ought to rule, and then he and his *subjects* would be the first to aid them against England or O'Connell. Well done, Mr. Bishop. Impudent and barefaced as your assertion is, more treacherous and false than even the Jesuit Rodin as you are, I have not the least doubt but you will succeed.

It is curious to observe the similarity of sentiment and action which govern Jesuits, however far apart they may be. We know from the "Wandering Jew," that the Jesuit Rodin, for several years, never ceased to pursue and persecute the orphan descendants of the Rennepont family. He commenced his persecution of them in Siberia, he scented their tract with the keenness of a bloodhound from that to Dresden. In Dresden, as we are told he had a fresh pack of bloodhounds, who fell upon the innocent twin orphans of an exiled father, and protected only by a faithful French trooper. It is impossible to read the account given by Sue, of the ill-treatment which these children and their protector received from a ferocious brute named Morok, a *lay Jesuit brother*, during the time they remained in the "White Falcon Inn," without strong emotions of pity and commiseration. From this they were pursued by the Jesuit Rodin, by different agents and by different means, which the reader will find beautifully delineated in the "Wandering Jew," until their arrival in Paris.

Here it will be seen that new plots are formed, and new schemes devised, to defeat their just claims to their paternal inheritance, by keeping them in total ignorance that any such claims were ever in existence. Unfeeling, indeed, and cold as the marble slab which covers the house of the dead, must be the heart of that man or woman, who could, unmoved, witness the sufferings of these helpless orphans and the faithful servant



Dagoberth, while in the city of Paris ; all brought upon them by Jesuit priests and Jesuit nuns—fiends, vipers, vampires in human shape. All their movements were watched and betrayed through the confessional. But the eye of the Lord seemed to rest upon them in a most extraordinary manner. It would be wrong to diminish by anticipation the pleasure which my readers may find in reading for themselves this part of the “Wandering Jew.” Let us, therefore, pass on to Rodin, the Jesuit and prototype of the Lord Bishop Hughes of New York. Rodin, finding that all his plans and schemes in trying to possess the vast estates of the Rennepont family, were likely to fail, and would inevitably be frustrated unless some new scheme were devised, retired within his own room, deliberated on what was best to be done : and suddenly springing from his chair, thus soliloquised within himself :

“Never have I had better hopes of success than at this moment ; the strongest reason for neglecting nothing. A new thought struck me yesterday. We will act here in concert. I have it—an ultra-Catholic journal, called ‘*Love your Neighbour as Yourself.*’ It will be deemed the organ of Rome. *I will originate the question of the liberty of teaching. The common liberals will support us—the idiots. They admit us to common rights, when our privileges, our immunities, our influence through the confessional, our obedience to Rome—all put, place us beyond the pale of common rights, of the very advantage which we enjoy. DOUBLE IDIOTS ! They fancy us disarmed, because they know themselves to be disarmed towards us. That is as I would have it.*”

This is precisely the course which Jesuit Hughes, of New York, has pursued towards Americans. Rodin immediately acted upon the new idea, which occurred to him ; he wrote to the general of the Jesuit order in Rome, who immediately advised him to cease *apparently* from further persecuting the heirs of the Rennepont inheritance ; to avow himself their warmest friend, and to denounce all those who attempted to injure them in any way, as plotters against their rights and their happiness. Having a previous understanding with his co-labourers in iniquity, he denounced every one of them, and by this act of apparent friendship and justice, he wormed himself into the undivided confidence of all who heretofore looked upon him with fearful suspicion. Just so is Bishop Hughes trying to worm him into the confidence of Americans, by assuring them, that he disapproves of the treachery of O’Connell, and by recommending to his *subjects* and his dupes, in New York

and elsewhere, to assemble in public, and declare that they are opposed to O'Connell's movements in Ireland, and that they are the friends of the United States; and accordingly, we find, that on Monday, the 16th of the present month, June 1845, a meeting was called by the tools of the aforesaid Bishop Hughes, for the ostensible purpose of expressing their disapprobation of O'Connell, the Pope's tool, in Ireland. The bishop, knowing that the bitterest feelings have been aroused in the bosoms of Americans, at seeing Papists forming associations throughout the length and breadth of this land, and collecting vast sums of money, to be transmitted to Ireland, not for the purpose of feeding the half-starved population of that unfortunate country—not to clothe the almost naked peasantry of that unhappy land—not to relieve from bondage and worse than Siberian slavery, a people naturally brave and generous, but to pamper and to forward the plans of a roaring brawling demagogue and coward, Daniel O'Connell.

The least observant among us is aware that the scenes of bloodshed which have been witnessed in this country, may be traced to those associations which that Irish Jesuit, Bishop Hughes, has fanned into existence by his inflammatory appeals to the worst passions in the hearts of *his* people; and now, alas! too late—even if he were serious—he attempts to extinguish the flame which he has kindled. But I tell you, Americans, he is not serious. If you depend upon his professions, you will be deceived. He is sworn on the most fearful oath to support the power, the *kingdom*, and the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome, over all kings, potentates, states, and magistrates. Neither are his subjects in this country sincere; and that very Bishop Hughes—I accuse him of it in the face of the world—I accuse him of it on the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, of which I have been a priest myself—teaches those very people, that any oath of allegiance which they have sworn to this government is null, void, and of no effect. When I was a Romish Catholic priest, it was my duty to absolve from the oath of allegiance, all those who came to confession to me. While a priest, I instructed the Irish to swear allegiance to the *heretical* government of the United States, but with a mental reservation, that the first allegiance was due to the Pope of Rome. Every Roman Catholic who goes to confession to a Romish priest is a mere political automaton, and not to be trusted by a Protestant or Protestant government, further than either would trust the priest to

whom he confesses ; and how far a Romish priest merits the confidence of an American Protestant time will tell.

The tools of Bishop Hughes, of New York, at Tammany Hall, June 16th, 1845, passed the following resolution :—

“ Resolved,—That there are thousands in this country [meaning Papists] who would bare their breasts to any power [meaning English] that may invade this country.” It was also resolved, at the same meeting, “ That they would defend the American claims to Oregon and to Texas.” It was further resolved by these self-same Repealers, the sworn *subjects* of Bishop Hughes and the *Pope*, “ that the American eagle shall not be impeded by natives of Ireland in this country.”

If there was not something diabolically treacherous beneath the surface of these resolutions ; if a viper were not hidden and concealed under the fair and verdant foliage of these words, they would be to me, as well as others, a source of pleasure. But let us remove the leaves and brambles. the blossoms and roses, which conceal the subtle and fatal poison, and they are calculated to chill and to freeze those sympathies which, under other circumstances, Americans would feel for those people. Irish Papists bare their breasts in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans—and that by the advice and with the consent of the Popish Jesuit bishop ! Monstrous insolence to impose thus upon hospitable and generous Americans. The resolution, in truth, amounts to this : Resolved, That as our Bishop Hughes is permitted by the infallible church to act the hypocrite, we, as professors of the same creed, are entitled to do the same : Resolved, That as our bishops and priests are permitted to keep no faith with Protestant Americans, we shall pursue the same course, until we gain entire possession of the Protestant land.

The idea of foreign Papists “ baring their breasts to English bayonets in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans,” to Oregon or Texas, is laughable ; it is farcical. Ireland contains nearly ten millions of souls—I should have said slaves—and they will not bare *their breasts* to the trifling number of sixteen thousand troops, which England deems fully sufficient to keep them in perfect subjection. But I will tell you Americans, what those Popish heroes will do, and have been doing, since the year 1649, when the ruling Pope sent Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuncini, Archbishop of Fermo, as his nuncio and minister plenipotentiary to Ireland, almost two hundred years ago. They will bear them-

selves to be kicked, whenever John Bull may take a fancy to exercise his clumsy feet in that favorite amusement of his. Such slaves as these talk of "baring their breasts" in defence of American rights, who numbering ten millions, still permit themselves to be kicked, cuffed, buffeted, and spit upon by sixteen thousand British soldiers! Pshaw! Where is the American who will not indignantly say, in the language of a Roman writer, "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*" Bishop Hughes and his myrmidons talk of defending the rights of Texas! Poor priest-ridden, pope-ridden dupes! The Texians would spurn your aid; they do not want you; they would not have your aid. The Texians had not a thousand effective men when they declared their independence of Mexico, which was then able to raise an army of two hundred thousand men. But that army was an army of priest-ridden slaves, like yourselves; and the gallant little band of Protestant Texas, composed chiefly of Americans, defied their power, declared themselves independent, banished from among them the treacherous Spanish priests who were in Texas. They fought for their freedom, and they won it.

Irish Repealers, the slaves of O'Connell, and the scheming Jesuit Hughes, of New York, resolved to defend the rights of Texas! The thing is too ludicrous. I shall not dwell upon it.

Let it not be inferred from what I have stated above, that I believe the Irish Papists to be *naturally* cowards. I will not do them this or any other injustice. They are naturally a brave people. Unsubdued and untampered with by their profligate priests and Popish superstition, there is not a braver or more generous people in the world; and the chains which now bind them to British slavery would be snapped in six months—aye, I repeat it, Ireland would be free in six months, were it not for the ulterior designs of the Pope and his agents, in urging upon them abject submission to a power which, by a single effort of their native strength, they would crush never to rise again. Well does the Pope know—well do Jesuits and priests understand, that if the Irish nation freed itself from English rule, by its native arm, as the United States did, they would also free themselves from the dominion of his royal holiness the Pope, and the trammels of Jesuitism and priestcraft; and hence arise the scruples of O'Connell about violating the British constitution. Hence the exhortation of Irish priests to their down-trodden Irish slaves, to do everything *constitutionally*, which means nothing more or less than this: let us

priests, bishops, and Pope, act for you. You must feel indebted to *us* for everything you possess; in the meantime come to confession to us regularly, bring us every dollar you earn, and we will take care of your political as well as your spiritual interests. Your bodies and souls shall be taken care of by us. I can assure the Irish Papists, in this country and elsewhere, that Daniel O'Connell and the Jesuit Bishops Hughes, Fenwick, and their brethren in this country, have no more idea of emancipating them than they have of renouncing the Pope, unless with the view of making them still greater slaves to the Pope and the *infallible church*; and it is with this view that they are now forbidding the use of the Bible, knowing full well that the free perusal of its sacred pages would enlighten them, not only on the subject of their everlasting, but also on that of their civil rights. Well indeed may we apply to the Pope, and to the *Lord* Bishop Hughes, and each of his brethren, the words of the poet:—

“Loyal his heart, and church and Pope his toast;
He for religion might not warmly feel;
But for the church he had unbounding zeal.”

We might well fancy these right reverend gentlemen addressing us in the following words of the same poet. They do so, in fact, every day:

Why send you Bibles all the world about;
That men may read amiss and learn to doubt?
Why teach the children of the poor to read;
That a new race of doubters may succeed?
Now can you scarcely lull the stubborn crew;
And what if they should know as much as you?”

There is not in history one solitary instance to be found where the court of Rome, or Romish priests, as a body, afforded aid to any people struggling for freedom, unless with the ulterior view of subjecting them to their own dominion—a dominion far more despotic in its principles, and tyrannic in its exactions, than any that has before been devised by human ingenuity; because that, and that alone, enslaves the soul as well as the body.

Many instances might be quoted of the truth of this, but I shall only refer to one of a recent date. While Poland was struggling for her liberty, as we are told by a modern and beautiful French writer, Lammenais, (*Affairs de Rome*, p. 110. Paguerre, 1844,) and the success of the Russians remained a

doubt, the official journal of Rome did not contain a word which could offend the victorious in so many combats; but scarcely had they, the Poles, fallen—scarcely had the atrocious vengeance of the Czar begun the long punishment of a nation devoted to the sword, to exile, and to slavery—when the same journal could find no terms sufficiently injurious, wherewith to stigmatise those, the noble Poles, who had fallen victims to fortune. Cowardly Rome trembled before the Czar. He said to Rome, would you live yet, place yourself beside the scaffold to which I have consigned those rebellious Poles, who had the audacity to attempt to free themselves from my government, and while they pass on their way to the gallows, *curse you* the victims: and Rome did curse the Poles.

Atrocious, revolting as the conduct of the Czar has been towards the suffering Poles, yet there is something noble, something majestic in his treatment of Rome, who would be lord of the universe. The Czar does not comprehend the meaning of those cabalistic words, *spiritual supremacy*. Let us contrast the conduct of the sovereign of Russia with that of the sovereigns or executives of the United States, and the contrast cannot fail to make a fertile impression upon our minds. That of the autocrat of all the Russians is so far truly independent; while that of one of our executives, in relation to the Pope, is truly spiritless and sycophantic. Witness the following letter of Mr. Van Buren to the American consul at Rome, dated Department of State, Washington, July the 20th, 1830:—

“Your letters of the 11th of April and 5th of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his holiness the Pope towards the government and people of the United States, and the last confirming your anticipations, have been received at this department, and submitted to the president, by whom I am directed to tender his holiness through the same channel, an assurance of the satisfaction which he derives from this communication of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the apostolic see towards the government and the people, and of the policy which you likewise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of *a great and Christian church*, assiduously to cultivate, in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, and sedulously to abstain from all interference in their occasional difficulties with each other, except *with the benign view of effecting reconciliation between them*.

“You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to *make known to the Pope*, in terms and manner *best suited to the occasion, the light in which* the president views the communication referred to, and likewise you will assure him that the president reciprocates, in their full extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness, towards the government of the apostolic see, and the people of the states of the church; and it is the president’s wish that you should upon the same occasion, offer his congratulations to the holy father, upon his recent succession to the tiara, not from any hereditary claim on his part, but from a preponderating influence which a just estimation of his talents and private virtues naturally had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred; and which affords the pledge, that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficent one.

“You will take care, likewise, to assure his holiness, in reference to the paternal solicitude which he expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics of the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion stand upon the same elevated ground which citizens of all other religious denominations occupy, in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contra-distinguished from toleration; that they enjoy an entire exclusion from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and that they are free, in common with their fellow-citizens of all other sects, to adhere to, or adopt the creeds and practice the worship best adapted to their reason or prejudices; and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United states amongst religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of government, those of the United States and separate states of the union, by which this inestimable right is formally recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured,

“M. VAN BUREN.”

I would especially invite the attention of my readers to the above letter. A proper understanding of this correspondence between the executives of this country and the Pope, through their representatives, will set at rest a question long mooted in every section of the United States, viz., whether the Pope is a *temporal* or *spiritual potentate*. If the former, Mr. Van Buren and the President of the United States did but their duty in giving the assurance contained in the above letter. This was due to him as an *independant* sovereign. As king of Rome he was as well entitled to it as any of the sovereigns of Europe,

and so far from blaming Mr. Van Buren, for the respectful and courteous manner in which he addressed his *royal holiness*, I should be among the first to award him just praise. The numerical weakness of a foreign potentate's subjects, the paucity of their numbers or their intellectual degradation, is now-a-days no argument against the legitimacy of their independent sovereignty. But if the latter—if the Pope of Rome is not an *independent* and *sovereign* potentate—if his sovereignty is only *spiritual*, as the Jesuit Hughes and all Romish priests and bishops in the United States would persuade us, then I contend, that Mr. Van Buren, the President of the United States, or any other man who, with his sanction, writes such a letter as the above is a conspirator against this government, and should be treated as such.

Among the foreign powers known to this government, no such power as a *spiritual* one is enumerated. The constitution of the United States recognizes no *spiritual* power, either at home or abroad ; and if Mr. Van Buren, as the representative of this government has corresponded with a foreign *spiritual* potentate, he did that which he was not authorized to do by our national charter, and which the executive of the United States has no more right to order him to do than I had. If the cabinet of his Holiness, the king of Rome, have half the intelligence, tact, and management, for which they get credit, they must have felt highly amused at the simplicity and sycophancy of Mr. Van Buren's letter. If the power of the Pope, in these United States, be only spiritual, what has he to do with this government, or this government with him ? The constitution of the United States, and the various constitutions of the respective States, recognize no *spiritual* power whatever. No court of law nor equity, from one end of this country to the other, understands what a spiritual power is, nor have they made any provision to maintain or enforce it. What then is it ? Where is it to be found ? Is it visible ? Is there any record of it ? Is it tangible ? In whom is it centred ? No trace of it can be found among us, and yet we are told it exists, and three millions of Papists in the United States are bound to obey this invisible and intangible thing or whatever it is.

We are told by Bishop Hughes, that the Pope claims only spiritual jurisdiction over this country. I explained in my recent work on Popery, what Papists mean by spiritual jurisdiction and spiritual power. It would be a loss of time to refer to it again. The legerdemain and humbuggery of the

whole affair are too transparent to deceive any eye but that of a credulous American. Without this doctrine of spiritual allegiance to the Pope, popish priests could raise no money for his *Holiness* in the United States, and they dare not openly claim for him any civil allegiance. Without it Repealers could raise no money for that champion of Popery, Daniel O'Connell.

Had the Romanists of the present day the spirit of the ancient Romans, they would spurn this shameful exaction upon their credulity, but especially upon their purse. It is base to submit to it; even a Pagan Romanist would spurn at it. He did so once before; and if his Pagan spirit was not broken by worse than paganism—Popery—he would do so again. “For I,” said Brutus,—

“Can raise no money by vile means.
By heavens! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachms, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!”

Yes, even a Pagan would spurn and scorn the deception, cupidity, and hypocrisy of Popish Jesuits and priests.

Was there ever upon the Papal throne, since the days of Hildebrand, a Pope who did not claim sovereign and temporal jurisdiction over the kingdoms of the earth? Do the annals of mankind record so dispassionate and so solemn an act of treachery, or so glaring an evidence of temporal power and despotism, as that of Hildebrand, known as Gregory, over the Emperor of Germany? The universal monarch and sovereign power, which he and Rome wrung from a bleeding world was never more absolute than that which the Popes of Rome wrung from the superstitions of mankind, in almost every age of the world; and now, in the nineteenth century, in 1845, the present Pope has the unparalled insolence through his agents in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, to fasten upon our necks a yoke more galling than that which heathenism imposed upon the Romans.

This they cannot do by argument, because, to argue with effect, man must be in the right; but to make the best possible use of bad arguments, may be, nevertheless, the privilege of genius, craft, and intrigue. Hence the introduction of auricular confession. Hence it is, that Romish bishops and priests persuade their people to go to confession, where they have the complete mastery over their feelings, passions,

and judgment. They know if they can debauch and seduce one female in a family, the whole of the household is at their mercy. It is in that accursed tribunal that they persuade the people, first, "that it is abominable to maintain that men can work out their salvation, under any form of creed whatever, provided their morals are pure;" second, "that it is odious and absurd to grant to the people liberty of conscience;" third, "that it is impossible to hold the liberty of the press in too great detestation." Every Papist is compelled in the confessional to subscribe to these degrading concessions. He must swear solemnly that these propositions are orthodox, and that every government should be compelled to acknowledge them as such. No man can die in the faith of the Romish church until he acknowledges that these propositions are true. No individual can be confirmed as a member of the Romish church, at least in Catholic countries, until he assents to them. No one can be ordained a Roman Catholic priest until he solemnly swears to maintain them.

They familiarize the human mind to these infamous axioms of theirs, from their infancy; and thus, when they arrive at the age at which they are permitted to go to confession, which is generally from eight to twelve, there is no difficulty in confirming their people in the belief of these horrid principles.

The following passage may be found in the *Encyclical Letter*, addressed by the Pope to all the bishops of France, in 1832, in order that they might conform, they and their flocks, to these instructions, although they are in direct opposition to the laws of the country, and the rights of its citizens. Is it necessary to say, that M. Lamennais protested, with all the powers of his great soul, against such odious maxims as these, stated in all their ultramontane candour?

"We now come," says the holy father, "to another cause by which we lament to see the church afflicted at this moment, to wit, to that *indifference* or *perverse opinion* which has spread itself abroad on all sides, by the artifices of evil men, and in accordance to which, MEN MAY ATTAIN EVERLASTING SALVATION BY THE PROFESSION OF ANY CREED, PROVIDED THAT THEIR MORALS ARE PURE. It will not be difficult for you, in a matter so clear and evident, to repel an error so fatal as this for the people."

Is this clear enough? A word to those of our number who are entrusted to the care of these pastors. So, here is an Italian monk, the ultramontane head of our bishops, who annuls, at a single dash of his pen, one of our most sacred rights, a right,

the maintenance of which has cost the country torrents of bloodshed in the religious wars like water.

“From this corrupt source of indifference,” proceeds the holy father, “originates, that absurd and erroneous opinion, or madness rather, which asserts that the liberty of conscience must be secured and guaranteed to every one whomsoever. The way being cleared for this pernicious error, by the liberty of opinions, full and unbounded, which spreads itself far and wide, to the ruin of civil and religious liberty.”

It is evident that the holy father commands our bishops to inspire their flocks with a horror of one of the fundamental laws of our society. Let us conclude with an attack by the same holy father, by no means less violent, or less conclusive against the dragon of the press.

“With this is connected *that fatal liberty* of which we cannot but stand in awe, THE LIBERTY OF LIBRARIES TO PUBLISH ANY WRITINGS WHATSOEVER: a liberty which some persons still dare to solicit and extend with as much noise as ardor.”

“Pope Gregory the Sixteenth had scarcely ascended the pontifical throne, when he heard of the revolt of Bologna. His first movement was to summon the Austrians and excite the *Sanfedistes*. The Cardinal Albani beat the liberals at Cesna; his soldiers pillaged the churches, sacked the town, and ravished the women. At *Forli*, the bands committed assassinations in cold blood. In 1832, the *Sanfedistes* showed themselves in broad day, wearing medals with effigies of the Duke of Modena and of the holy father, letters patent in the name of the apostolical congregation, privileges, and indulgences. The *Sanfedistes* took the following oath literally: “*I swear to elevate the altar and the throne upon the bones of the infamous liberals, and to exterminate them without pity for the cries of their children, the tears of their old men and women.*” The disorders committed by these brigands passed all bounds; the court of Rome made anarchy regular, organized the *Sanfedistes* into bands of volunteers, and granted to these bands extraordinary privileges.”—*The Revolution and Revolutionists of Italy; Review of the Two Worlds*, November 15th, 1844.

This is a specimen of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as taught in this country; and thus, Americans, would they erect altars upon your bones, “heedless of the cries of your old men and your old women,” should the Pope’s spiritual power ever gain the ascendancy over your strong arms—or should his

priests, by intrigue and by a play of passions, (as Rodin expresses it) and excitement, obtain the control of your hitherto clear intellects. Pause, Americans. Hesitate for a moment, you young men and young ladies, who, under the influence of some momentary excitement, may be tempted to unite yourselves with the Romish church, or go into their nunneries.

The first advance you make, the very first step you take to effect this, is, in itself, utterly degrading to you. It is the abandonment of your whole selves, bodies and souls, judgment, intellect, understanding, mind, liberty, and all, to the guidance of a body of men, whose political intrigues, and public and private immoralities, have blackened the pages of history for the last sixteen hundred years.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Strasburg, in a letter to the *Paris Constitutionel*, has denied that such doctrines as those contained in the three propositions, which I have quoted above, are taught in Popish colleges. He pledged his *honor* in support of this assertion. I have quoted from the *Casuists*, a work written by the fathers of the Jesuit Society. The bishop does not deny the doctrines positively, but says that the work from which the quotations are made, was written, not by Jesuits, but by a Rev. Dr. Moulet, a secular priest. If any other proofs were necessary to show the iniquity of Jesuit doctrines, and the truth of every word I have said, and others before me have said, against Jesuit intrigue and tergiversation, this admission of the Bishop of Strasburg would be sufficient.

What is the difference between a Jesuit father and a secular priest? It is simply this. Jesuits are limited in the sphere of their duties, by the general of their order; and whenever a Jesuit makes his appearance in the diocese of any Popish bishop, he is subject, while there, to the said bishop.

The Strasburg *professor* may succeed in imposing upon those who know not the difference between a *secular* priest and a Jesuit. The matter is not mended, or the difficulty removed, by having the book written by a *secular* priest; it is so much the worse. An evil deed for instance, treason, when committed by a servant is bad enough; but it is much worse when committed by his master. An act of perfidy or immorality committed by a priest, under the jurisdiction of a bishop, merits execration, and should receive it; but if committed by the bishop himself, would become still more execrable.

I presume, that when the Bishop of Strasburg *pledged his honor* that the crimes imputed by others, as well as myself, to

him and his tools, were not sanctioned in his college, or by the writings of Jesuits, he had brother Jonathan in view. His letter to the *Paris Constitutionel* was intended exclusively for Americans, whom Jesuits know by the name of "*dolts, double dolts.*"

Let us now see how far the *word* and *honor* of this Jesuit Strasburg bishop are entitled to credit. It is proper to do so as his letter has found its way into several of our presses in the western country.

I pronounce the Bishop of Strasburg's assertion, *an unqualified, deliberate, and unmitigated falsehood.* An issue is now made between myself and the bishop. The question is one of veracity between us, and I am willing to leave the decision to a jury of the public. The bishop is a *Jesuit*, and bound by his oath of allegiance to the Pope, to *support him and the doctrines of his church*, at the expense of all Protestant governments. He is bound by his oath to "hold no faith with heretics." He is bound by his oath "to destroy them." He is no citizen of this country. He has nothing in common with Americans but the external configurations of humanity. He is not personally known to any Americans, so far as I am acquainted; and under these circumstances he comes before the American public with the naked, unsupported assertion, that what history has handed down, and I, a fellow-citizen of their own, have confirmed and declared to be true, is false. Is he to be believed in preference to me, even if history was silent?

I have lived in this country more than twenty-five years, and though a foreigner by birth, I will venture the assertion, that no Roman Catholic priest ever came to America with higher recommendations than I did. Some of them are from Roman Catholic bishops, and are now in my possession; but I will not ask Americans to give them any credit, because a Romish bishop or Jesuit would recommend the devil himself, who takes the *necessary* oath of allegiance to Rome, and swears to overthrow, by all possible means, the *heretical government* of the United States, which sanctions—I use the very words of the Pope—that *fatal liberty of the press of which we cannot but stand in awe, the liberty of libraries to publish any writings whatsoever, a liberty which* some—Americans—*dare* to solicit with noise and ardour."

I will not insult Americans by asking them to give me credit for veracity on the strength of recommendations from Popish bishops in Europe, men who are the sworn enemies of every

thing dear to freemen. I brought with me, from other sources, testimonials of the highest respectability, not as a Popish priest, but as a man. Among them were introductions to that eminent patriot De Witt Clinton, of New York, who immediately on my arrival at his hospitable residence in Albany, and during the sessions of the Legislature, had me appointed chaplain to the senate. But I will not ask Americans to give me credit for veracity on account of any connections or acquaintances which I formed while I was a Popish priest. The very fact of my being a *priest* was in itself a contamination. It should disqualify a man from being considered anything that was candid, frank, or virtuous. But I will ask Americans to credit me, in preference to the bishop of Strasburg, or any other Jesuit priest, upon the testimony of American citizens, men known to themselves, men of honor, probity, and patriotism.

I was a member of the bar of the States of South Carolina and Georgia for nearly twenty years, until ill health obliged me to change my residence temporarily; and I value the following letter which has been sent to me by William Law, Esq., then judge of the superior courts of Georgia, more highly than all the documents, testimonials, and recommendations, which the Pope of Rome, or the whole college of his cardinals and Jesuits, could furnish:—

“Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

“Dear Sir,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of law elsewhere, it will, I apprehend, be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar, furnished you by the clerk, should be accompanied with a certificate from myself, as the presiding judge of the court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

“Permit me as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct, upright deportment, as an advocate at the bar of the superior courts of the eastern district of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of law in the same.

“Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM LAW.”

Judge Law resides now in Savannah. He has retired from the bench, and practises law in co-partnership with senator Berrien, of Georgia. I need not say who Judge Law is. He is well known as one of the most eloquent and learned Advocates of the American bar ; nor is he more distinguished for his legal knowledge than for his Christian virtues and exemplary life. He is at present, and has been for many years, an elder of the Presbyterian church in that city. I believe that I have the honor and the friendship of this worthy man, up to the moment I write. Every earthly interest I have is in this country. Its prosperity will advance mine. The overthrow of its government would bury in its ruins all I have to support me. Who, then, is to be believed by Americans? the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, whose *country* is the *world*, whose *queen* is the *Popish church*, and whose *kindred* are monks and Romish priests? Am I unreasonable, under these circumstances, in asking a jury of Americans for a verdict in favor of my veracity, my word, and my honor, in preference to the *honor* of a foreign Jesuit Bishop of Strasburg, or any other Popish priest or bishop of the United States? You, Americans, are the best judges. In addition to these facts and circumstances, I will take the liberty of stating, that nearly the whole delegation to Congress, from the state of Georgia, where I have so long resided, have borne testimony of my correct conduct, by recommending me to high and lucrative offices under this government. Among these were the names of the Hon. J. M'Pherson Berrien, then a next door neighbour of mine, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, William C. Dawson, and the lamented Richard W. Habersham, of Savannah. This last-named gentleman is no more, but he has not left behind him one whose confidence and friendship I valued more. He was, indeed, *the noblest work of God*—an honest man. His name is now revered in Georgia, and will be there venerated as long as she has records to preserve it. I have in my possession the most friendly and affectionate letters from this Christian patriot up to within a few weeks of his death, which occurred about two years since. I may further add to these distinguished names that of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, the Hon. Isaac Holmes, of the State, and the Hon. Judge Wayne, of Savannah, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. I have evidence in my possession, up to a few weeks ago, of the personal friendship of that elegant and accomplished gentleman, Judge Wayne. I studied law

more than twenty years ago with the Hon. Mr. Holmes, and never since has his friendship towards me been interrupted. As a literary man and finished classical scholar, Mr. Holmes has scarcely a superior in the country. With such testimonials as these of my *Americanism*, honor, and veracity, I dread not the verdict of an American jury, in the case now pending between me and the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg.

But before you make up your verdict, I beg to submit to you the following sketch of a debate, which took place the 5th of last March, in the Swiss Diet, in Switzerland, on the subject of Jesuits in that country. It is taken from a speech of the Hon. Mr. Neuhaus, a representative from Berne. The debate commenced by the chancellor laying before the assembly petitions from the people of Switzerland, signed by 120,000 persons, praying that the Jesuits might be expelled from that country.

"M. Neuhaus said that the question of the Jesuits, which was raised last year, had made great progress since that time, and its importance might be estimated by the impression which it had produced on the population, the anxiety with which the result of the deliberations of the diet was looked forward to, and the care taken by all the great councils of the cantons to have their opinions duly represented. * * *. According to the eighth article of the federal compact, the diet took all the measures necessary for the internal and external safety of Switzerland. That right on the part of the diet was incontestible, and had been put in force on former occasions within memory. The question, therefore, was not whether the diet had a right to take steps against the Jesuits, but whether the Jesuits had compromised, and were compromising the safety of Switzerland. It was, therefore the question of fact only that he would approach.. Were the Jesuits dangerous or not? Were they particularly dangerous, as respecting Switzerland? Yes, the Jesuits were dangerous.

"1. Because of their immorality. They taught the people to commit, without remorse of conscience, the most culpable actions. Their immorality necessarily exercised on those exposed to their influence a deleterious effect; and a writer of the eighteenth century had said, with great truth, that he detested the Jesuits, because they were an order *aboutissant*. But in republics morality was wanted above all things.

"2. The Jesuits were dangerous, because they made use of the ecclesiastical character to carry disorder into families,

and to divide the members of them in order the more easily to govern them. Examples abounded, and, if necessary, he could cite many.

“3. They were dangerous, because the order required of all its members a blind obedience, an absolute submission. He who was a member of the society, whether he was a Jesuit properly so called, or merely belonged to the order under another denomination, could no longer have either opinions or will. As soon as the leaders gave orders, those who were enrolled in that militia were obliged to obey, without examination, whether they thought it right or wrong. But what was necessary for the people of Switzerland, if they wished to maintain their independence, was the sentiment of liberty and moral force, and that sentiment the Jesuits annihilated.

“4. The Jesuits were dangerous, because they had neither family nor country. As soon as a Swiss citizen entered the order of Jesuits, he only belonged to that body. On this account the government of the Cantons would do well to make a law, that any one entering the order of the Jesuits should lose his natural rights. When a man was obliged to lay aside his feelings of family, to disown his cantonal as well as federal country, he was no longer a Swiss, he was nothing but a Jesuit and a stranger to every country.

“5. The Jesuits were dangerous, because they endeavoured everywhere to seize upon power. In despotic and monarchical governments, where the head was invested with extended authority, they might be tempted to make use of the Jesuits as auxiliaries. As long as the Jesuits did not dominate, they would consent to serve a master; but when they had attained their end, they took advantage of services which they had rendered to establish their domination over those who had recourse to them. This was what made all the governments of Europe banish them from their states. They were dangerous to monarchies, and still more to republics, where the authorities did not possess the elements necessary to counterbalance their pernicious influence.

“6. They were especially dangerous to Switzerland because one of the principal ends of the order was to extirpate Protestantism. Without doubt, the Swiss Catholics had a right that their Protestant brethren should respect their religious convictions; but the Protestants had also rights which should be respected by the Catholics; and the deputies of the Canton of Berne should demand, if those Catholic cantons which

tolerated and even invited into their bosoms an order, the object of which is the extirpation of Protestantism, conducted themselves like good confederates towards the reformed Cantons; if they fulfilled the federal duties, and if those states had not a right to say to the states which received the Jesuits, 'We have no congregation which labors for the extirpation of Catholicism, and we ask you not to tolerate a corporation so hostile to us as the Society of Jesus.' These were the principal reasons which made the Canton of Berne consider the Jesuits as dangerous; but there were many others which he could state, and among others the recent events in the country were a strong proof of the danger of the Jesuits. The only legal way to settle the question was, by taking the opinions of the cantons in diet, and if twelve of the cantons voted that the Jesuits were dangerous the others must submit. M. Neuhaus concluded by reading his instructions from his canton, which were to demand a decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from every part of Switzerland."

The reader may see from the above, proofs almost positive of the truth of every crime with which I have charged Popish Jesuits. The Hon. M. Neuhaus, a representative from a people proverbially generous, distinguished as a nation for honesty and simple integrity: Switzerland and chivalry are almost synonymous since the days of William Tell. Switzerland, honesty, virtue, and piety, are understood to be almost one and the same thing. Even among ourselves, in the United States, a Swiss Protestant emigrant needs no recommendation but a certificate of his nativity. We trust him; we confide in him, because he is honest; we believe him, because he is truth itself. All the finer qualities of uncorrupted humanity seem to be his by birthright. One hundred and twenty thousand of these honorable men petitioned their legislature to pass a law for the *expulsion* of Jesuits from their country, and their representative, M. Neuhaus, the embodiment of their virtue and integrity, supports the prayer of their petition, charging those Jesuits to their teeth, proving from the history of their past and present lives, that they are collectively and individually *immoral and treacherous* men, the sworn enemies of freedom, and disturbers of the peace. He accuses them of being leagued together and bound by the most awful oaths to overthrow the government and exterminate the Protestants of Germany. He accuses them of maintaining spies in Protestant families,

of tampering with their children, and introducing disorder and disobedience amongst them.

I regret extremely that I have not his whole speech ; but if there is a file of Swiss papers in the city, it will be found in those of last March.

I am ready now, fellow-citizens, for your verdict. I submit the case between the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg and myself to you without further argument.

If I am correct in my charges against Jesuits, if the various crimes with which Eugene Sue charges them be well founded—and I declare, on the *honor of an American citizen and a member of the American bar, that they are*—I ask my fellow citizens of the United States for a verdict in my favor.

But it will be said, for the hundredth time, that the constitution of our country protects our people against danger from Jesuits, or any other foreign source ; and that our representatives will never betray the trust which the people repose in them ; or even if they did betray it, the constitution provides for such a contingency. True, it does. But let me observe that our constitution never supposed nor made any provision for such a contingency, as that the people would betray themselves ; and still this case is as plain to me as the noon-day. It is not only possible that the people of this country could betray themselves, but they are actually doing it at the present moment.

I will admit that a courageous people such as our citizens are can be neither cozened nor bullied out of their liberty ; but it must also be admitted, that an intelligent and generous people may cease to be such ; they may abet and admit amongst them the sworn enemies of their constitution, under false ideas of *toleration* and liberty ; they may want the wisdom and judgment necessary to discern their danger in time ; and in the necessarily downward progress of degeneracy, it is not even impossible,—such things have been before now,—that they may want courage to ward off the evil when it stares them in the face.

Look back, Americans, to the history of by-gone days. The Tarquins were expelled, and Rome resumed her liberty. Cæsar was murdered, and his whole race exterminated, but Rome remained in bondage. In the days of Tarquin, the Roman people were not entirely corrupt : in the days of Cæsar they were thoroughly so. You, Americans, may be betrayed though perhaps you may never betray yourselves voluntarily.

But take heed, I entreat you, of Jesuits. Our constitution makes it difficult, if not impossible, to destroy our liberty by any sudden outbreak of popular fury, or even by the treachery of a few. But if you, as a people, or the majority of you, will concur with the *few*; if you will deliberately suffer them to acquire a majority, your constitution is nothing better than "a piece of parchment, with a bit of red sealing-wax dangling from it." It ceases to be yours, it becomes the constitution of foreigners; it is the property of Jesuits and Popish priests, the moment they get the majority of voters. You, Americans, have nothing to do with it. It secures no right for you, nor should it be longer called the *American* constitution. Recollect that ten or fifteen years will give Papists a majority of voters in the United States; nor should I be surprised if, within half a century, the Pope was seen in New York, or the city of Boston, as he is now in Rome on Palm Sunday, mounted upon an ass, in blasphemous imitation of the Saviour entering Jerusalem, with thousands and tens of thousands of Papists spreading palms upon the streets, and shouting "Hosanna to our Lord God, the Pope!"

This subject, Americans, is worthy of your serious consideration, to say the least of it. You are jealous of your charters and your privileges; perhaps sufficiently so. But you seem indifferent to the peril with which your liberty is threatened by Romish priests, inculcating treason in their confessionals, up to your very beards. What avail your laws against treason—implied treason, and constructive treason? What avail your bills of rights, either national or state, when a priest, at your very door, aye, under your very roof, is insidiously instilling into the ears of his PENITENTS at the confessional, treachery to your government, to your laws, to your religion, and to each other? What avails your trial by jury, when oaths lose their sanctity, and a Jesuit teaches his *penitent that no faith is to be held with Protestants*? whilst there are amongst you nearly three millions of people, who are taught to disregard your laws, whose rulers, the priests, connive at its infringement, and refuse themselves to be amenable to your civil or criminal courts? Do not be startled at my telling you that they refuse to be amenable to your courts. This is probably new to many of you; but as I make no statement which I cannot prove, I refer you to the case of the Romish Carbury, in New York. It occurred some years ago, and is duly reported.

This priest, Carbury, peremptorily refused answering, while

on the stand as a witness, any questions put to him by the court, in a case of great importance affecting the government of the State of New York. He defied the judge on the bench, the sheriff, and all other officers of the court. He contended that the constitution of the United States guaranteed to him the free exercise of his religion, and by implication, the right of hearing *confession*, and giving and receiving in the confessional such *counsel* and advice as his church required of him to give. And such was the sway which foreign Papists had in New York at that time, that the court did not and durst not commit him to prison for *contempt*; though under similar circumstances, the officers of the court would drag an American citizen to jail as they would a common felon. But the priest Carbury did no more than he was ordered to do by his church.

The Popish council of Lateran declares "it unlawful for a civil magistrate to require an oath from a Roman Catholic priest." A work, called *Corpus Juris Canonici*, containing all the revised statutes of the Council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, has issued the following proclamation to all monks, priests, bishops, and Jesuits:—"We declare it unlawful for civil magistrates to require any oath from the clergy, and we *forbid* all priests from taking any such oath." The council of Lateran declares and announces to the Popish priesthood, as well as to the whole world, "that all magistrates who interpose against priests in any criminal cause, whether it be for *murder* or *high treason*, shall be excommunicated; and if he condemn any priest for *murder*, or any other crime, he shall be excommunicated."

Thus we see that in our very midst a Romish priest has but to go into his confessional, and there he may become accessory before or after the fact, to treason, arson, murder, or other crimes, and hold our laws and our magistrates in utter contempt and utter defiance. This they have done before, in the neighbouring city of New York, and this they will do again, whenever it suits their plans and purposes.

Pour in amongst us a few more millions of a people who believe and sanction this doctrine; flood our country with a population subject to a priesthood maintaining such doctrine as this, and what must be the consequence? Vice, ignorance, and laziness; just what it is in every country where Romish priests are permitted to exist and exercise their pernicious principles. There is a defect of moral principle and moral

honesty wherever the Popish confessional is to be found. I know the reverse of this is believed by Americans, and not without some apparent reason. Here I do not blame them. They are deceived, and often have I wished, often and often have I resolved to undeceive them in this particular. Many and many a time have I resolved to be no longer a party to this shameful imposition upon Americans. Many and many a time have I resolved to shake off from my soul any participation, directly or indirectly, in fastening upon the minds of American Protestants that the Romish confessional was the means of making Roman Catholic laborers and servants more honest than they otherwise would be. It is not so. Protestants know not the plans and schemes of Popish priests in any thing. Fraud and imposition are reduced to a science in the Romish church. Let me explain how the impression has got amongst Protestants, that *confessing sins to the priests* is a very good thing "for the ignorant Irish." "*It keeps them honest.*" I can scarcely refrain from laughing when I hear this observation. It has been made to me by some of the most amiable, benevolent, and charitable ladies and gentlemen in this city of Boston, and elsewhere; and though I understood the deception played upon them, I felt almost unwilling to remove so charitable but delusive a dream. There is an old proverb, "It is better late than never." Let me do so now. Justice to Protestants, and even to the Roman Catholic laborers and domestics themselves, requires this at my hands.

The *modus operandi* of Romish priests is as follows: When a Popish or Jesuit priest settles in a city or town, he looks about him and ascertains what the character, circumstances, politics, and religion of the different families are. If he discovers that any particular Protestant family is wealthy, entirely unacquainted with Popery, and liberally disposed, he takes a note of the fact, and determines, by some means to form an acquaintance with the head of that family. This is sometimes not easily done. It is not often that men of wealth are desirous of the personal acquaintance of clergymen of any denomination. They know that, pretty generally speaking, there is little to be gained, so far as worldly goods are concerned, from a personal intimacy with them. Of this Romish priests are well aware and act accordingly. When one of them desires an acquaintance with the head of a family, he unceremoniously calls upon him, hands him some money,—more or less, according to circumstances,—and, without any explanation, tells him it is

his, and seems no way desirous of further conversation. The gentleman or lady, who receives the money, of course, detains the priest or Jesuit, and asks what he wishes him or her to do with this money; whether he deposited it for safe keeping or whether he wished it to be paid over to some one. The answer of the Jesuit is,—“Sir (or Madam), the money is your’s I received it in the discharge of my duty as a priest,” and he departs.

The result of this piece of Jesuit acting is obvious. The gentleman mentions the circumstance to his family, the merchant to his neighbouring merchants, the mother mentions it to her children, and to every mother on her list of visitors, and all finally come to the conclusion that the money has been received in the *confessional*; that some poor Roman Catholic in their employment had stolen it, and that the priest in the confessional caused restitution to be made; that, after all this “going to confession was a good thing,—it kept the Catholic servants honest; and if it were not for it, there would be no safety in giving them employment.” The husband tells his wife to throw no obstacles in the way of her domestics going to confession, as he believed it was a check upon their dishonesty, and makes up his mind that it is at least good policy to sustain Popery and Popish priests. He calls upon the Jesuit bishop or priest, touches his hat for him should he meet him upon the streets, tells him he would be happy to see him at his house; and thus, by this tedious though sure process, does a reverend Jesuit priest gain his end. The family is now at his mercy; and the best recommendation a domestic can bring to his family, or any of their acquaintances, is that of a scheming, deceitful Popish priest or bishop, with whom, if properly known, no respectable man would be seen walking in the streets. Often have I done this while a Romish priest.

This process, by which Popish priests and Jesuits often insinuate themselves into the confidence of some of our most respectable Protestant families, has in it something ineffably mean, contemptible, and wicked. There is something worm-like and vampire-like in the whole process. The bold robber is an honorable man, compared with a skulking Jesuit priest. The robber runs some risk in gaining possession of his booty; he has, at least, the redeeming quality of personal bravery. The eagle, which takes its prey to the very pinnacle of the loftiest rock, though that prey should be the infant of the fondest mother, and there devours it before the eyes of its

agonized parent, must claim more or less admiration in its boldness. There is a majesty in its flight which diminishes the atrocity of the act; by one bound the noble bird gains his point. But the Jesuit, like the worm, like the loathsome reptile, gains his point by beginning at the root, at the base of domestic happiness and virtue, and creeps and gnaws his way until he reaches its summit, and then laughs as he sees it mouldering under his feet.

But this is not all. The Protestant family with whom he forms an acquaintance by these dishonorable means are not the only sufferers. Injustice is done to the Catholic domestics in Protestant families. A palpable imputation of dishonesty is thrown upon the whole body of them. An implied impression is left upon the minds of Protestants, that they are all dishonest, that they would all rob, pilfer, and steal, if they were not forbidden and compelled to make restitution in the *confessional*. But what signifies it to a Jesuit priest, what Protestants think of poor Roman Catholics? If they only believe that priests and Jesuits are *saints*, that is all they care for. If priests can only manage to cause Protestants to attribute the honesty of Papists to themselves, and can cause the Catholics to hate and despise Protestants for suspecting them of dishonesty, their point is gained, though at the expense of injustice, both to Protestants and Catholics. It is peculiarly unjust towards Catholic domestics, who are really as honest as other people, if their priests will let them be, and who might be as good citizens as others, were it not for priests and Jesuits. Do away with the supremacy of the Pope and *auricular confession*, and the foreigners who come among us from Ireland and other Catholic countries, would be as peaceable, as industrious, and as worthy citizens as any we have; but never can these poor people enjoy the blessing of freedom, here or elsewhere, while they have any connection with priests, confessionals, or popes. Americans are not inimical to foreigners who conduct themselves with propriety, and pay a due respect to the laws of their country; but they are inimical—and it is their duty to be so,—to all who traitorously interfere with their civil rights; and it is not a little singular, that among the millions of foreigners that have fled to this land of freedom, none but Papists have interfered with their laws, their institutions or their customs. I have resided in the United States for thirty years, or thereabouts, and never have I heard a Protestant say that he has been ill-treated or unkindly dealt with by Americans

on account of his foreign birth; and I can declare, with equal sincerity, that I have never known a Roman Catholic satisfied with our republican form of government, and who did not avow,—when he could do so without being heard by Protestants,—that *he wished a Roman Catholic government* established in its place.

It is a strange circumstance, but nevertheless true, that Americans have no difficulties with any foreigners among them except the Roman Catholics. There are various denominations of foreigners in the United States, but all others enjoy the blessings of liberty, quietly and thankfully. Papists alone are dissatisfied; they alone refuse to hear, to reason, and seem inclined to govern by force. No Protestant priest in the United States has ever been known to be controlled in the discharge of his duty by a foreign potentate. None of them were ever known to harangue their flocks and march them through American cities, with banners bearing the treasonable motto written in conspicuous letters, "*Americans shan't rule us.*" Popish bishops and Papists alone have dared to do this.

I have always been, and I trust I am now, the advocate of peace; but I must confess that I am at a loss to know whether there is to be found, in any code of political, or even moral ethics, a single passage which can justify Americans in permitting this outrage upon their laws and upon their public character. It may be a *salutary inconsistency*, a *laudable apostasy* on the part of Americans, to permit this insult to their country and to the memory of their noble and patriotic ancestors; but if those ancestors who now sleep in their graves, were living, and saw this *Popish flag* with this *Popish motto*, paraded by foreign Papists over their graves, I will only say, the insult should never be repeated; there would be no one left to bear the standard.

I do not believe that, from the days of Cain to the days of Bishop Hughes, of New York, there ever has been witnessed so insolent or so inflated a condensation of treason as was contained in that solitary Popish motto, "*AMERICANS SHAN'T RULE US!*" and if Americans were not a people of singular forbearance they would have levelled to the ground every Popish church and put to the sword every Popish priest and bishop in the country.

The poor Irish Papists who marched through our cities waving in the very face of Americans the flag which bore this treasonable motto to which I have alluded, are not so much to be blamed; a majority of them are but the children of impulse,

whose passions are played upon by designing priests—I repeat it—and again and again I have repeated it—the Irish are naturally a well-disposed people. They would be true to this country, and faithful to its laws and constitution, if their priests and church would let them. This is evident, in the contrast which is visible between the Protestants and Papists of Ireland. There are not in this country better men or more faithful citizens than the Protestants of Ireland. Where can we find a man who values a *character* more highly than an Irish Protestant? Where is there to be found a man who contributes more, by his own example and that of his family, to the preservation of virtue and morality, than a Protestant Irishman, in the United States? I can say, from my own knowledge of Protestant Irishmen in particular, that they are temperate, frugal, industrious, and eminently sincere in their professions and attachments. I mean not any invidious comparison, when I say there is no finer character than a Protestant Irishman. He is earnest in everything, in his words and in his actions. Americans, give him the hand of friendship; give him the hand of confidence; he will not betray you. In the hour of danger he will stand by yourselves, your laws, and your constitution. He will defend them with his strong arm and brave heart: his religion teaches him to do so. But not so the Irish Papist. Trust him not; at least until he renounces his religion, which tells him that you are *heretics* and should be *extirpated*, and that your constitution shall not rule *him*.

I am little inclined to moralize, but it is to me a sad reflection, to see this contrast between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Irish; all occasioned by that accursed thing called Popery.

Even the Christian League, so grossly abused by Papists, seem to entertain no other feelings than those of hospitality towards them; but in truth, nothing is to be feared by Papists from that association. As far as I know them by reputation, they are men of zeal, piety, and fine talents; but they are no match for the trained bands of the Popish army. They want discipline. It is true, that I know nothing of them but through their speeches, some of which have been published in our leading religious journals. These I have read; and the *League* itself could not give me credit for taste or judgment, did I not pronounce them pointless, pithless, powerless, almost useless. They evidently overrate themselves, or undervalue the force of

their opponents. The latter I have reason to know is the fact. It is true, his Holiness has condescended to *curse* them. He sent recently a bull, formally excommunicating them as a set of *damned heretics*. I am glad of this. It may arouse them to a greater concert of action.

But what if this League should succeed in that which seems to be, after all, their leading object, the circulation of the Bible in Italy? Suppose they even succeeded in suppressing Jesuitism altogether in that country, what then? Would Popery cease to exist? Or has the *Christian League* counted the cost at which this may be done? Have they reflected, that while they are mowing down the withered weeds of Popery in the morally barren fields of Italy, that Jesuits are carefully collecting their seeds and roots, and planting them in the new and rich fields of their own country, where, in the homely but expressive language of our farmers, "one acre will produce more than in Italy?" The whole course of this League, as far as I am able to judge, is injudicious, and for the one moral good that will be the consequence fifty evils must follow. Not a single member of this learned association would apply their rule of action, in relation to Italy, to the management of any other transaction in life. What farmer for instance, would waste his time in cultivating a sandy barren field on his farm, and leave uncultivated a rich, loamy, and productive one? Or would he try to cultivate both without sufficient hands to do either well? Assuredly, no judicious man would do so; or if he did failure and poverty would be the necessary consequences. If the *League* desire success, they must strike at the root of the evil of which they complain. Who, for instance, that had a tree in his garden, whose fruit and blossoms were poisonous, would spend his time, every spring and autumn, plucking off those blossoms and gathering up this fruit, with a view of getting rid of this troublesome and destructive tree? Would you, gentlemen of the *Christian League*, smile at the individual whom you saw thus employed? Would you not, in charity, say to him, "Sir, you should root out that tree altogether from your garden; but especially should you take care, that if any of its seeds have found their way into a richer garden or more valuable soil of yours, to extirpate the latter first, as the poison which that will emit will be much more rank, subtle, and in greater quantity."

If Jesuitism were now confined to Italy alone, the members of the *Christian Alliance* might, perhaps, be right. If there

was but one tree in the farmer's garden and its seeds had not taken root in any of his more valuable domains, he might take his own time in removing the tree, either by cutting it down, or by gathering up its fruits and blossoms to suit his taste, fancy, or eccentricity. But when the seed of this tree has taken root, and begins to flourish luxuriantly in the only spot of land from which he expected support for himself and family, he is a thriftless farmer that would not extirpate this tree, root and branch, fruit and blossom, from this valuable spot on which his own support and that of a numerous family depended.

Let this rule be applied to the individual members of the Christian Alliance, or rather let each member apply it to himself. He cannot but see that the poisonous seed of Popery has found its way to this country; and taken deep root in some of its most verdant fields. I am aware that these gentlemen will pay but little attention to my remonstrances or warnings. Men entrenched behind the pride of opinion will seldom yield to the summons of reason. For more than twenty years I have warned Protestants, but to no effect, of an approaching inundation of Popish priests and Jesuit principles. Suppose a fire should range through one of our most populous cities; suppose it should have extended to the very middle of its lengthiest streets, would it be wise to go and try to check its progress by seeking for the spot where it began? The whole force of the fire companies and citizens should be concentrated at the extreme point to which it has extended; every effort should be made to prevent its progressing further. Palaces, houses, hovels, goods, all should be pulled down at every risk of individual property to stop the conflagration. Suppose a prairie were on fire; suppose that prairie belonged to the *Christian Alliance*; suppose the loss of it involved their own ruin and the ruin of their posterity, would they or any of them, go to look for the spot where the fire originated? Not they. It would be madness to do so. Each and every one of them would turn up their sleeves and never cease to labor until they cut a ditch, deep and wide enough to prevent the progress of the flames.

Why do they not pursue the same course in relation to Popery? They see Popery burning, blazing, whizzing and devastating this whole land, and in place of cutting a ditch, or throwing up such a barrier as will check its further advance, they go by a sort of retrogressive movement, back to Italy

to begin this work. Pardon me, fellow-citizens. Though I disapprove of the course of your proceedings in trying to prevent the further spread of Popery, I am willing to acknowledge that in talent, zeal, piety, and general learning, you infinitely excel me; but I believe I am not vain in saying that in the knowledge of Popery and Jesuit intrigue, I am not inferior to you. You are evidently in the dark in practical acquaintance with Popery, and I hesitate not to tell you now, that until you unite with me heart and hand in my efforts to extirpate it from this country, you will be laughed at by every Romish priest and Bishop in the united States; well knowing, as they do, that while you are converting one Italian to Protestantism, they are converting five hundred Americans to Popery: and that while you are distributing one little tract, which one Italian in a thousand, even if he could, he would not read, they are building one hundred colleges, nunneries, and monk houses, in your very midst, and at your very doors. You will find by-and-by, that this very country of yours, this very land of freedom, will supply even Italy with Jesuits and Priests enough to drive you, your Bibles and tracts beyond their boundaries. Stand upon your own soil; let Americans never engage in any foreign religious or political war. You have not now the moral power to wage an offensive religious war; that day is gone by, I warned you of it twenty-five years ago, but you heeded me not; you were deaf. You have quite enough to do now to defend your own soil, and much more, I fear, than you will be able to accomplish, with all your zeal and talents.

One of the members of the *Christian League*, at its late convention in Boston, stated, if I am not mistaken, that the *Pope read one of its tracts, and looked very sad*. For the word *sad*, should be substituted *glad*. If he read the tract at all, which I doubt, it must have been extremely gratifying to him. It showed him clearly that he had succeeded in humbugging Americans, even further than he expected; and with due deference to each and every member of the *League*, I must say, that this is the only inference which any man, versed in a knowledge of Popery, or even of human nature, would or could draw from that circumstance.

The Romish church has a vast interest in this country; an interest so deep, that no line can sound it; an interest of such magnitude, that the power of numbers can scarcely calculate it, and of such altitude, that it scarcely admits of measurement;

and the Pope's object is to divert the attention of the "Christian League," and all other American Protestants, from this country to Italy, which, if given to us with all its *relics*, Jesuits, Monks, and nuns, would not enrich us much in a pecuniary point of view, and would be only the means of flooding us with infidelity and immorality.

It is sound policy in the Pope to attract the attention of American Protestants to Italy. He knows well that the citadel of our liberties can never be taken without this or some other similar plot. Let him but succeed in turning the eyes of Americans from the altar of our own liberty, on which the God of freedom sits enthroned, to Italy, and pour in upon us his vassals, at the rate of two thousand in *forty-eight hours*—as we are told was done in New York last week—and freedom's God will soon be dishonoured, and the image of some Popish vagabond, called *saint*, will be seated in its place.

The whole country must form itself into one Protestant Association and swear upon the altar of freedom that no man shall be admitted to the rights of an American citizen, until he forswears *all allegiance, spiritual and temporal, civil and religious*, without mental reservation or equivocation, to the Pope of Rome. Every appeal to the Pope of Rome, from the citizens of this country, or from any man living within its limits, for the purpose of settling any difficulties between them about church rights, civil rights, or any other rights whatever, should be considered treason; and the individual or individuals who shall make such appeals, whether a Popish Archbishop, bishop, priests, Jesuits, or laymen, should be prosecuted as *felons*, and subjected to the most ignominious punishment known to our laws.

This, and this alone, can effectually arrest the progress of Popery in these United States. No Papist can complain of this, and no honest man will object to it. Such a law is not at variance with our constitution; it prevents no man from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. On the contrary, it only guarantees even to the Papist, in still stronger terms than our constitution now does, the right of worshipping God as he pleases, and relieving him from the degrading obligation of being obliged to worship him according to the dictates of the conscience of a foreign tyrant, the Pope of Rome, and his insolent minions in this country.

I believe there is not even an Irish Catholic in this country who will not support such a law. A little reflection will satisfy

them, that nearly all the evils they suffer, and have borne patiently for centuries back, have been brought upon them by the church of Rome. They will soon perceive, if they only take the trouble of examining the question, that there is not, and never was, such a system of general, permanent, and unlimited slavery as that to which the Romish church has reduced them. It is irreconcilable with happiness, good order, public and private tranquility, and there cannot possibly exist a more singular anomaly than to see a whole people submit to such a system, and preferring it to the rational freedom which they enjoy in this country.

Far be it from me, and foreign indeed is it from my thoughts to say, or do, or write anything that may injure the true welfare of the poor Irish Catholics. I would serve them, and, in the full flow of my affection for them, I would beg of them to pause and look seriously into their condition. The year before last, 1843, the Irish people paid to O'Connell twenty-eight thousand pounds. This was called the O'Connell tribute. In the same year they paid *Repeal Rent*, amounting to the enormous sum of seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds sterling, amounting in all to one hundred and six thousand five hundred pounds, British money. The above I take from the accounts and estimates of the Repeal journals. Let us add to the above sum the amount which the Irish in the United States have sent over to Ireland, and some idea may be formed of the grinding tyranny which the Romish church and her agents exercise over their deluded victims here and elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, is it not my duty, is it not the duty of every friend of humanity, to appeal to the good sense of the Irish, to their "sober second thought," and ask them why submit to such imposition as this? Why not resist these tyrannical exactions of the church of Rome? For they know well that it is not *Irish Repeal*, or *American Repeal*, that the Pope and his priests have in view, but *church repeal*. What have the Irish received in exchange for the vast sums which they have given, and the blood which they have shed, to effect this Irish, or rather *church Repeal*, and the loss of that confidence and esteem which they might otherwise have from Americans? Nothing; emphatically, nothing. Suppose they succeeded in overthrowing the constitution; suppose they reduced to sad reality the words of their daring and treasonable motto, "*Americans shan't rule us!*" and the American constitution were trampled under their feet; suppose the "Protestant

heretics of the United States" were extirpated and exterminated, *qui bono*? Whose advantage would it be? Would it be yours, poor warm-hearted but deluded Irish Catholics? Would your new Popish rulers give you a better constitution? Would your new Popish *signers* to your constitution be men of more piety, liberality, or patriotism, than the signers of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States? Let the civilized world answer the question. I shall not record it. It should be registered only in heaven.

Poor Papists! You are not only slaves, but you are denied the privilege of choosing your own master. Your taskmaster, the Pope, and his *overseers*, the bishops, will not even allow you to choose your own teachers, or have priests of your choice. They will not even give you a voice in the choice of your pastors. Do you call this freedom of conscience? A bishop—some insolent tool of the Pope—tells you to build a church; puts his hand into your pockets, takes out the last dollar some of you have, builds a magnificent chapel, and when you want a priest, whom you believe most competent to instruct yourselves and your children, you cannot have him; and if you insist upon your just right to choose him, you are told by your tyrant *overseer*, the bishop, to be silent, or he will lock up the church, and *curse* you and everyone belonging to you.* Call you this freedom of conscience? Call you this the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own conscience? Yes; such is your infatuation. I ask you, Irish Papists, whether I am exaggerating or even discoloring the truth in what I here state?

About the year 1818, the Roman Catholics of Norfolk, Virginia, had for their priest a man supposed by them to be among the best of the order. They wished him continued among them, but their bishop would not allow it, and when they murmured he threatened to *curse* them. They sent a remonstrance to the Pope of Rome, but he did not deign to notice it: they had to submit. Here was liberty of conscience, with a vengeance! The Roman Catholics of Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, and New York, sent similar remonstrances to his *royal highness*, the Pope; but in place of redress, he reprimanded them for their insolence, and threatened to *curse* them if they exhibited any further symptoms of *contumacy*; and they crouched like so many whipped spaniels, perfectly

* See how amply this was illustrated in the case of Mr. Crotty, Bir; Mr. M'Donnell, Birmingham; Mr. Ivers and Mr. Boyle, London.

content with the *privilege* of paying out their money and building magnificent churches for the Pope's agents.

A similar case occurred in this city of Boston, if I am correctly informed, only a short time ago. A large majority of one of the most respectable Roman Catholic congregations in this city wished to have for their pastor a priest whom they believed to be a man of talents: but their bishop, Fenwick, a practical Jesuit, with talents below mediocrity, but possessing all the craft, cunning, and intrigue of his order, had the unparalleled assurance to tell them that *they should not have the pastor of their choice; that they had no voice in the matter; that he was the church* within the limits of his diocese; that they who did not *hear* the church "were worse than heathens and publicans; and that if they did not shut up their mouths, he would shut up their church at once, and *curse* them if they became *contumacious*." Is this freedom of conscience? And yet we hear this very majority—this insulted, down-trodden majority—talk of the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Shameful proceedings these in a free country! Base tyranny over a generous people! Why not say to the would-be despot, Fenwick, We acknowledge you as our bishop; we will hearken to any objections which you have to make against the pastor of our choice; but if you have none to make, we will have him; the church is *our property*; and you and your interdicts, *curses*, and all such "raw heads and bloody bones," may go to Rome, we want you not in a free country: no longer shall we submit in blind obedience to you, or to a foreign Pope.

The great mass of Irish Catholics, on whom the arts of delusion and chicanery are chiefly practised, do not understand the meaning of the word freedom. They are taught by priests and Jesuits in the confessional to misapply that term altogether. Freedom or liberty means, in its true sense, a faithful and conscientious adherence to law and the constitution of the country in which we live, and of which we are members. It is the obedience of duty, and anticipates compulsion. It is not a blind obedience, such as that taught by Popish priests, and which favors the extension of their power. Priests and bishops would, if they could, limit the comprehensive term, liberty, to the privilege of bowing to his *holiness* the Pope, and building churches for him. But even Papists are beginning to doubt the legitimacy of this application of the term, and I am much mistaken if there are not, even now, thousands of them in the

city of Boston, New York, and elsewhere, who will unite with Americans in petitioning Congress to pass a law, making it treason in any man in the United States, whether native or foreign, to hold any correspondence, or to avow any allegiance of any kind, or under any name or title, spiritual or temporal with the Pope of Rome, knowing, as they do, that he is a temporal potentate. Let the whole people, Christian League, Natives, Oddfellows, Freemasons, Whigs, Democrats, Conservatives, and all unite, in one great national petition to the Congress of the United States, and in one fervent and loud prayer to the God of mercy, that he may give the said Congress a correct view of their duty, and cause them to hear and grant our prayer. This, with such improvements as wiser heads may suggest, is the course I would advise to be pursued in the present posture of our national and moral condition. The time seems propitious; our executive is said to be a Christian. God send he may prove so, and that the blandishments of office may not blind him to a sense of his duty to God and his country!

EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE REV. W. HOGAN,

BY THE ROMISH BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.

“By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the holy and undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the Celestial Virtues, Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubims and Seraphims, and of the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles, and Evangelists, of the Holy Innocents, who, in the sight of the Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song, of the Holy Martyrs and Holy confessors, and of all the Holy Virgins, and of all Saints, together with the holy elect of God, may he, William Hogan, be damned.

“We excommunicate and anathematise him, and from the threshold of the Holy Church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed, and be delivered over with Athan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord God, Depart from us; for we desire none of thy ways. As fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out for evermore, unless it shall repent him, and make satisfaction. Amen.

“May the Father who created man, curse him.—May the Son who suffered for us, curse him.—May the Holy Ghost who was given to us in Baptism, curse him.—May the Holy Cross, which Christ for our salvation triumphing over his enemies ascended, curse him.

“May the Holy and Eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him.—May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him.—May all the Angels, Principalities, and Powers, and all Heavenly armies, curse him.—May the praiseworthy multitude of Patriarchs and Prophets curse him.

“May St. John, the forerunner and Baptizer of Christ, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other of Christ's Apostles, together

curse him.—And may the rest of his disciples and evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universe, and the wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him.

“May the choir of the Holy Virgins, who for the honor of Christ, have despised the things of the world, damn him.—May all the Saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages, who are found to be beloved of God, damn him.

“May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house, or in the stable, the garden, or the field, or the highways, or in the woods, or in the waters, or in the church.

“May he be cursed in living and in dying. May he be cursed in eating and in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, and in sitting, in living, in working, in resting, and blood-letting.

“May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body.

“May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly! May he be cursed in his brains, and in his vertex, in his temples, in his eyebrows, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers.

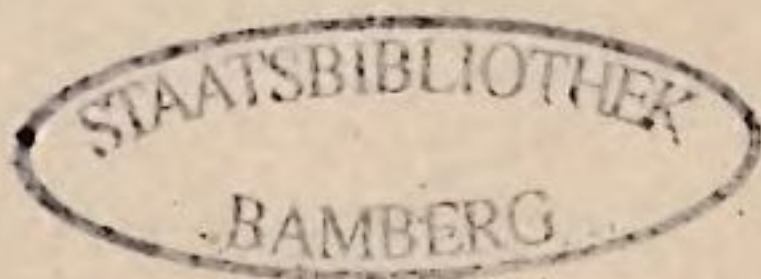
“May he be damned in his mouth, in his breasts, in his heart, and purtenance down to the very stomach. May he be cursed in his reins, in his groins, in his thighs, in his genitals, in his hips, in his knees, in his feet, and in his toe nails.

“May he be cursed in all his joints and articulation of the members—from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet may there be no soundness.

“May the Son of the living God with all the glory of his Majesty curse him! And may Heaven with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him and curse and damn him unless he repent and make satisfaction! Amen. So be it. Be it so. Amen.”

This description of Popery appeared in the *First Edition* of Cowper's Poems, 1782, but was omitted in after Editions through the influence of some Roman Catholic acquaintances. In this, as in many cases since, Feeling supplanted Faithfulness.

“Hast thou admitted with a blind fond trust,
THE LIE that burned thy fathers' bones to dust,
That first adjudged them heretics; then sent
Their souls to Heaven, and cursed them as they went?
THE LIE that Scripture strips of its disguise,
And execrates above all other lies;
THE LIE that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
And gives the key to yon infirm old man,
Who, once ensconced in Apostolic chair,
Is deified, and sits omniscient there;
THE LIE that knows no kindred, owns no friend
But him that makes its progress his chief end;
That having spilt much blood makes that a boast,
And canonizes him that sheds the most.
Away with CHARITY THAT SOOTHES A LIE,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by;
Shame on the candour, and the gracious smile
Bestowed on them that light the martyr's pile;
While insolent disdain, in frowns expressed,
Attends the tenets that endured that test!
Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
To vex the peace of others, grant them peace;
But, trusting bigots, whose false zeal has made
Treachery their duty, thou art self-betrayed.”





Hogan, William

Puseyite and popish confession and nunneries

London [ca. 1850]

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